

The Australian

# Women's Weekly

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February 21, 1968

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**BRIDAL FASHIONS**  
and DO read . . .  
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Page 29

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## WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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FEBRUARY 21, 1968

Vol. 35, No. 38

### OUR COVER

• A pretty headdress for a pretty bride—with a triple satin-trimmed bow topping two circular tiers of white organza. Organza is used also for the bride-maid's headdress in an unusual curl effect. Both headdresses were designed by Robyn Garland; there are more bridal fashions in this week's lift-out booklet. Cover picture by staff photographer Don Cameron.

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Centre lift-out

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• The Askins in the garden of their home at Manly. They have a harbor view.



"I was just 19 . . . and there was never anyone else for either of us"

—MRS. R. W. ASKIN

"YOU just go along and represent me," said very new young parliamentarian Robin Askin to his highly nervous young wife. "You'll just have to sit there. You won't have to do a thing."

So, without any particular terror, dark-haired, hazel-eyed Mollie sat on the platform at the big-school speech-day, for the first time as a Member's wife.

Suddenly the chairman turned to look right at her. So did the hundreds of faces below. And, incredibly, the chairman was saying, "Our new Member's wife will address you now."

Mollie's heart started pounding. Her hands shook. Her mind was totally blank. If Rob had been there she would have taken time off to kill him. But everyone was waiting. She stumbled to her feet and opened her mouth.

"What I said, I'll never know," she told me recently. "Which is just as well for my peace of mind!" Her eyes crinkled with laughter. Seventeen years, the last two and three-quarters as the wife of the Premier of N.S.W., have added great poise to her natural warmth. But she still shudders at the memory of that maiden speech.

Mollie Askin was the youngest of four children of a highly conservative Manly family. Her mother was a very strong, autocratic woman.

"I badly wanted to be a kindergarten teacher or sportsmistress," she told me, "but Mother didn't approve. I can't remember why. Anyway, I was accustomed to doing what she told me."

"So I went into a bank. Oh, I'm not complaining. Rob worked in the same bank! To be honest, I'd already noticed him—favorably—when I was sent up to work in his office."

"It appeared he'd noticed me, too . . . Well, the fact is, we got precious little work done! I was just 19, and he was a few years older. There was never anyone else for either of us."

Rob Askin was the eldest of three boys of a struggling Glebe family. And these were the days of the great depression. Rob and Mollie were the only members of their families who had jobs. Clearly,

it was going to be years before they could marry.

Rob was already interested in political philosophy. His mother's brothers were in local government. And even shy Mollie had sat at the tables at election time, along with the rest of her family.

So she didn't mind a bit when Rob took her to political meetings and lectures. She enjoyed wandering round the Domain with him, listening to speakers of all colors. Neither had the faintest notion that some day they would themselves become public speakers, public figures.

Whenever they could they went to the theatre—theatre of any kind. "Rob's still opera-mad," said the Premier's wife. "And these days he even loves ballet. It was seeing Nureyev and Fonteyn that worked the miracle."

They were halcyon years, in spite of the depression. ("Life was easier for the young then than now," says Mollie. "The economic situation was terrible, but values were more stable, more comprehensible.")

### Reared two nephews

Then at last they were married. "It was a very quiet wedding," Mollie remembers. "I'd have died of fright at a big wedding."

The young Askins moved briefly to Cremorne, to a flat with a harbor view. There were to be no children of the marriage, but they were to rear two young nephews.

And, as for most of their generation, war stepped in to separate them for long, dangerous years. Rob enlisted, served mostly in Borneo and New Guinea. Mollie went home to Manly, and Mother.

"I was very daring, though," she told me. "I worked. It was still very unusual and brave for married women to work, and I don't think Mother really approved."

"Very soon, of course, it became the accepted, patriotic thing to do."

It was late in 1945 before Rob came home. He was demobbed, and went back to the bank, in which he expected to spend the rest of his life. Then one day he ran into his old colonel, Murray Robson.

Mr. Robson was a politician, who was standing for election, and—partly for old times' sake—both the young Askins helped with his campaign.

Rob joined the Liberal Party, and even



By  
**KAY KEAVNEY**

attended some branch meetings in his district. One night he was sitting in a corner listening as one person after another refused the job of branch president. Out of the blue a woman member pointed straight at him, and said firmly, "I nominate that man."

"She didn't even know my name!" the Premier told me, vastly amused. "Vague sort of way to get into politics. And that's what really started it all, my becoming president of a branch. A few years later a new seat was created in the district, and I was talked into standing for it."

"How did you feel about that?" I asked Mollie Askin, and she thought carefully before answering.

"I don't want to impose my will on anybody," she said. "That's probably a reaction to my childhood. I wanted for Rob what he wanted. And he had a burning desire to do something for people, which the war only accentuated."

Rob Askin was elected, and a mere fortnight later the shy and nervous Mollie rose to her maiden speech.

A new life began for both of them, which was to transform the husband into a Premier and the wife into a poised, articulate speaker, much sought after by all kinds of institutions and causes.

"These days," said the Premier, "I have to tug on her coat-tails to make her sit down."

"No, you don't," said his wife amicably. "My wife," said the Premier, "never intervenes in actual politics."

"No, of course not," said his wife. "After all, you represent all the people of the State. But I attend all kinds of fetes and functions."

"And I never get bored," said Mollie, "because I like the people involved. They've got to be community-minded to be involved in these things. Some of the Red Cross women, for instance, have been working for Red Cross since World War I. They're magnificent women."

Mollie's intense interest in all kinds of people informs everything she says and does. It has helped more than anything to conquer those almost-forgotten nerves. So has her sense of humor.

"Some hilarious things happen," she told me. "I can never imagine politicians and their wives getting above themselves — because people say so many things that

cut you down to size. You need a sense of humor at all times; above all, the ability to laugh at yourself."

She reminisced about the long years in the political wilderness, before Mr. Askin became Premier on May 1, 1965. "It was good for our characters," she said. "You learn not to get too elated or depressed."

She no longer minds the tensions of political life. "It becomes normal to live an abnormal life — anyway, as regards domestic arrangements. You can never have meals, not even breakfast, at a stated time. Your whole life is bound up in being a Member's wife."

### Art of being herself

"That's especially so when your husband is a Premier, with his electorate the whole State."

"Everything's speeded up now, but basically it's the same as when I was an ordinary Member's wife."

Said the Premier, "My day starts at 6, as soon as the papers come. By 6.45

the phone starts. It's a mad rush to get breakfast. I generally speak to three radio stations and two papers plus a few calls from private constituents before I leave for the office about 9."

Mollie cooks and cleans and washes and gardens, with only a little casual help. She's an inveterate reader and playgoer, and ballet- and opera-lover.

"We seldom get to a show together," she told me, "except official opening nights, so long as they don't happen during parliamentary sessions."

"I'm used now to doing things alone. In 1953 I went round the world alone. And over a year I'd average four engagements a week alone, apart from those I attend with my husband. We've found the only way to cope is to divide the engagements up. And, of course, very often the invitations are sent specifically to me."

"I see myself," she added reflectively, "as an independent individual. I feel I've achieved being myself, quite apart from my husband. This seems to me very desirable for all human beings."

### ● Premier R. W. Askin and his wife, Mollie, in their living-room.

"And I'm all in favor of working wives, so long as satisfactory arrangements can be made for the children. They need stability, especially in the very early years. The workforce would virtually collapse without working wives and, besides, women really have a need to express themselves."

"We must increase good facilities to make all this possible — facilities like the day nurseries. We must tackle this if Australia is to grow."

She spoke very warmly and proudly about Australia's growth: "I don't think that in all of human history there has been anything to equal what has been done here in a mere 180 years."

"And," she added, "far from being ashamed of the country's convict beginnings, never has there been a rehabilitation like it."

Mollie Askin has come a long way from that far-off fiasco at speech-day, which proved to be her baptism of fire.



PICTURES BY STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER DON CAMERON



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## THE PRIME MINISTER'S LIEUTENANTS



PRESS SECRETARY:

# Tony Eggleton, the reluctant celebrity

PRIVATE SECRETARY: Ainsley Gotto, page 13.

By  
KAY KEAVNEY

DELAYED by the mail strike, the letter reached Tony Eggleton late in January. It was signed by Sir Robert Menzies.

"My dear Tony," it began. "Looking back on these recent tragic events, I want to tell you how much we all admired your own skill, balance, and dignity in the handling of your most difficult task. You have my unqualified admiration and warm thanks."

Not for the first time, the old statesman summed up the feelings of most Australians. Tony Eggleton, young Press secretary to the lost Prime Minister, had been like a rock in a turbulent sea from that first terrible Sunday when Harold Holt disappeared.

Rather more than a month later, it fell to Tony to announce the name of the new Prime Minister to a waiting Press and nation. Almost immediately, he was appointed Press secretary to Prime Minister John Gorton.

Meantime, this courteous, modest young man found himself a reluctant celebrity. Hard-working pressmen grew lyrical about him. Mary, his secretary, found herself coping with a heavy fanmail.

All of it astonished and embarrassed Tony. Press secretaries should reflect, not corner, the limelight. That was his basic credo.

So when I came to sit in his tiny, cramped office in Parliament House, Canberra, I had to draw his story out of him, in between assorted august interruptions.

"I still have a book my sister gave me, called 'You Want to be a Journalist,'

he said. "I did — from the time I was 11. Even at that age, I positively pestered my hometown paper, the 'Swindon Evening Advertiser,' in Wiltshire, England.

"My father, an engineer, sent me to a historic public school, King Alfred's School in Berkshire, the oldest in England.

"When I was 15, the miracle happened. The

vertiser" as a D grade. Nine months later he was an A grade. He was a feature writer at 18 on the then (1951) lofty salary of £18 a week.

"By then," he told me, grinning widely, "I was getting to be very ambitious. I'd always been interested in government and what makes a country run. I wanted to get to the heart of things."

The big city was beckoning. Tony went back to D grade and took a drop in salary to join the ABC Radio News in Melbourne.

put on the first ABC-TV news both in Sydney and Melbourne. He was Chief of Staff of the Melbourne TV news until 1960.

Now Tony was restless. He had gone as far as he could go in this particular halfwick. And he was desk-bound.

He read an advertisement for the position of Director of Naval Public Relations and answered it. He was only 28 (his opposite number in the U.S. was an admiral), but he got the job.

## Made cups of tea and ran messages

"Swindon Evening Advertiser" rang to say it had a vacancy. It was then or never. I didn't hesitate. I left school, much to my parents' concern.

"So, for the princely sum of 15/- a week, I made cups of tea and ran messages, and was wonderfully happy."

Within a year, the 16-year-old tea-maker took over a branch of the paper — as district correspondent.

He was 17 when an Australian journalist came to work briefly on the paper.

Back home, a few months later, the Australian wrote to the English boy offering him an opening on a Bendigo newspaper. A new country, across the world ... new experience ...

Once again, the boy didn't hesitate. He would go, he told his resigned parents, for two or three years.

Tony arrived in Australia on his 18th birthday.

Baking Bendigo was a long way from green Wiltshire, but, as usual, Tony settled down rapidly. He started on the "Bendigo Ad-

Imagining he was years older, the ABC soon allowed him to relieve their State and Federal political roundsmen.

Tony was living in a Melbourne guest house. Some time in the next year a friend took him to a party, where he met Mary, a charming young kindergarten teacher.

At the end of a year he transferred to Adelaide, where, within two or three weeks, the 20-year-old was put on the sub-editors' desk and soon became chief sub-editor.

He and Mary corresponded. About 18 months after they met, they married. ("Where did he propose? Can't remember," Mary laughed. "Tony, where did you propose?" Tony, with his meticulous memory for detail: "In the Fitzroy Gardens.")

Back to Melbourne went Tony to work with Radio Australia. In 1955, with Australian television just round the corner, he went to Sydney to undertake various courses — production, television, and scriptwriting.

He headed the team which

His final interview was with the then Minister for the Navy, Senator John Gorton.

So Tony brought Mary and their two little sons, Stephen and Andrew, to Canberra, "the heart of things" where, perhaps, he had been unconsciously heading from the tender age of 11.

He enjoyed the Navy job immensely, covering all media, travelling the world. In 1961 he was able to take his family home to show them to his parents and to show them England.

Two of the worst tragedies in Australian naval history, the Voyager disaster and the loss in October, 1963, of the Queensland coast, of five young midshipmen, severely tested his calibre.

He handled them with all the dignity, restraint, and efficiency which Sir Robert Menzies and the country were later to praise.

Sir Robert he met casually at an official luncheon. Tony enjoyed the meeting, but had no idea he had impressed the then PM — until



● Mr. Tony Eggleton, at work in his office in Parliament House, Canberra.



## ● An English teenager who dropped in on Australia for a couple of years back in 1951 stayed to become part of its history.

suddenly he found himself on a short list of candidates for the job of Sir Robert's Press secretary.

One day the PM summoned him to his office and told him the job was his.

"I want you to start at once," Sir Robert said.

"Oh," Tony said timidly. "Couldn't I go back and tell them at the Navy?"

Said Sir Robert, masterfully, "You can ring."

A few months later (January, 1966) the old statesman retired, but not before recommending Tony to his successor, Harold Holt.

"So began my time with Mr. Holt," Tony said quietly. "I hardly knew him at the start, but we quickly got a very good working relationship. He was a very easy man to get along with."

"He was greatly concerned about public relations. He wanted me at hand always. I went everywhere with him."

"I would give Press briefings on his behalf to foreign journalists. Often I'd be the only staff member travelling abroad with him, so I did everything, his secretarial work, carrying the bags, anything."

White teeth flashed in a brown face when I asked Tony about the famous "huffing and puffing" inci-

"We hadn't slept, we were hot and tired, and we had to arrive looking reasonably fresh and respectable. It was quite a business, with a crowd of people trying to wash and shave and change and only two tiny wash-rooms."

"We arrived about mid-morning and landed by helicopter in the White House grounds to a magnificent reception. I was delighted when the President invited me to join the party at lunch."

"Talks got under way at once at that lunch. Then the President said to the PM: 'We'll send our two boys down to brief the Press.' The 'two boys' were my opposite number, George Christian, and myself."

"So the two of us went down to meet the vultures."

Tony laughed, but slightly shakily.

"I can't tell you what it was like," he said. "This vast auditorium, and this sea of faces—the toughest journalists in the world, the White House Press Corps! All those pairs of eyes, it seemed, focused on me."

"There were two big crises at the time—the Middle East and Britain's withdrawal east of Suez. To my astonish-

ment and dismay, the reporters ignored veteran George Christian and directed most of their questions at me."

"Someone threw me a question: 'Did Australia feel war was imminent between Russia and the U.S.?'"

"I answered, 'No. The great powers are only huffing



● Mr. and Mrs. Tony Eggleton with their children, Stephen, Andrew, and Judy. Mrs. Eggleton said the children "grizzle more than I do, because we don't see him as much as we'd like."

and puffing.' This got back to Australia as Egypt and Israel are only huffing and puffing, but, luckily, we didn't know that at the time."

"The President had the whole briefing recorded, and

take the blame for the whole incident."

"Afterward, he always called me 'old huffer and puffer.' Anyway, it just goes to show that in this job you put your head on the chopper every day of your life."

Later, in his pleasant home, he showed photographer Keith Barlow and me a splendid leather-bound album, gold-tooled, containing photographs of the White House meeting, the personal gift to "my dear Tony" from the President.

Stephen, Andrew, and five-year-old Judy are very proud of their father, though, said Mary, "They grizzle more than I do, because we

don't see him as much as we'd like."

Tony cut in, "Half the time Mary doesn't even know which city I'm in."

Mary accepts the situation. Sometimes she relieves as a teacher. Kindergarten teachers are in very short supply in Canberra and she loves the work."

Mary plays golf, too, but can't talk Tony into it. When he has time at home, he likes to spend it at home with the family and catching up on a little gardening."

The fact is that Tony just plain likes hard work. His telephone starts about 7.30 a.m., by which time he has read all the papers. He

reaches the office at 8.30, and his immensely variable but always packed day gets under way. When the House is sitting, he might get home at dawn.

He hasn't had a holiday in years—and doesn't need one. "A change," he said, "is as good as a holiday and I get plenty of changes."

"And I enjoy the job, because it's demanding. I find it immensely stimulating. I don't think I've missed three days of work in 17 years."

And an eventful 17 years they've been for an English teenager who dropped in on Australia for a couple of years and stayed to become part of its history.

## Called "old huffer and puffer"

dent during the Middle East crisis.

"That incident perfectly illustrates," he said, "the tightrope I perpetually walk in this job."

"The PM and I flew right across the U.S. from Los Angeles to Washington in an Air Force plane for the visit to the President."





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# Old friend; New face:







BEVERLEY NICHOLS, visiting Australia, writes about . . .

WHEN I think of the woman of today—or, for that matter, of yesterday or of tomorrow—I instinctively judge her by the standards of the woman who played the most vital part in my life, my mother. And the comparison is so startling that I feel as though I were considering two women from different planets.

Within a single week of her tempestuous life my mother could have cited more causes for divorce than a film star in 50 years. But she happened to believe in the vows she had taken at the altar—"For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health . . ."

She had a simple but exquisite taste in literature and she always used to say that for her the marriage service was the most beautiful prose she had ever read. She even suggested that it might have been written by Shakespeare. Well, Shakespearean pundits have advanced stranger theories.

The fact that I had always before me this supreme example of feminine self-sacrifice does not mean that I compare other women to her disadvantage—though I gave her a love such as I could give to nobody else.

On the contrary, I think that she was utterly wrong. I think that she should have left my father. By clinging to him, she did not save her family. She compelled herself and her three sons to endure year after year of mental agony which has left scars that can never heal.

If she had left him, things would have been very different materially, and instead of going to Oxford I might have spent my early days selling socks behind a counter. I should greatly have preferred it and maybe my education would have been more complete.

So when I think of the woman of today, though I marvel at my mother's loyalty, and though I think that any marriage is worth fighting for, I thank God that few modern women would nowadays be prepared to follow those injunctions in the prayer book with such uncompromising obedience. They may be beautiful prose, but, literally interpreted, they may not only poison her own life but the lives of her children.

"A being from another

planet," I said . . . and if we were judging only by outward appearances this would be so obvious as to need no comment. Set an Edwardian lady, with her billowing dresses and her constricting corsets, beside a modern young person in a mini-skirt, and it is difficult to believe that they could share any of the same instincts.

I should like to say a word about mini-skirts—quite a serious word, too—because the young women who follow this exceptionally hideous fashion—and they aren't always so young, either—have obviously not the glimmering of any understanding of masculine psychology. Nor can they have even the most elementary knowledge of history, and the part that women have played in it.

The most sexually titillating female dresses ever devised by man were the traditional costumes worn by the chorus girls of the Folies Bergere, which were immortalised by Toulouse-Lautrec.

The material in a single

And these—or something very much like them—were the costume adopted by the great courtesans of the period, women like the fabulous belle Otero, who was wont to charge a thousand pounds for a single night's enjoyment of her charms. If this obliging and opulent female had turned up for a rendezvous wearing a mini-skirt, it is highly improbable that the bargain

would have reached a successful conclusion.

The young woman of today should ponder these things, which are matters of history. She may not wish to follow in the footsteps of Otero, but she will perhaps agree that when it comes to hooking the gentlemen the old girl knew her stuff.

After these somewhat carping observations I should like to suggest a change of mood.

To me, the most truly admirable women in the modern world come into three classes: 1. The nurses. 2. The aircraft hostesses. 3. The models.

Let's consider the last class first, including in the word "model" the very wide cross-section of young feminine humanity whose ambition it is to appear on the cover of a national magazine or to be chosen to display the most glamorous clothes of the world's greatest couturiers.

What is so "admirable" about these young ladies? Might we not perhaps be justified in regarding them as a rather feather-brained collection, excessively preoccupied with their own looks, of no practical value in the modern world?

I think not, for the simple reason that if a girl is going to be a successful model she must have complete command of one of the most testing of all the moral qualities—discipline. She has to order her diet as rigorously as if she were a member of the strictest religious sect; she has to obey a timetable as exacting as if she were

# THE WOMEN I ADMIRE

—And a fashion I don't



confined to a convent; she has to conquer fatigue and control her emotions.

Those who have never spent a 12-hour day, as I have, following a model through the various motions of her profession, can have no idea of the sheer guts which she needs to make the grade. I can imagine no training more perfectly devised to make her a wonderful wife for the man who is lucky enough to catch her.

The same applies, of course, to the nurses—even more so, indeed, because they have not the feminine tonic of glamor to see them through their arduous days. Moreover, they are ludicrously underpaid.

As for the air hostesses, I gather that among all the young women of today they receive the largest and most continual number of proposals from men of all shapes, sizes, and nationalities, which doesn't surprise me in the least. When you look into the eyes of one of these enchanting girls you seem to be looking through a window into a whole new world, a world as clean and challenging as the skies through which they travel.

Are there any women in the course of my own life that might have persuaded me to change my bachelor state? I can't imagine that anybody would be very interested in an answer to that question!

But I should like—for purely academic reasons—to mention one young lady in the public eye who seems to me outstanding—Princess Alexandra. I don't move



● On mini-skirts: "Those who follow this exceptionally hideous fashion have obviously not the glimmering of any understanding of masculine psychology." (Picture is of London actresses Susannah York and Veronica Carlson.)

In case this sounds unduly sycophantic I may add that she has an extremely dry and lively sense of humor, which on state occasions she is unfortunately obliged to suppress.

And once again, the over-

have at your command a reserve of self-discipline which would tax the resources of a sergeant in the Grenadier Guards. Go on smiling at the bores . . . find the right questions for the ambassadors . . . feign an interest in the distinguished foreign industrialists who are talking a language that you can scarcely understand . . . etc., etc. And again, etc.

On a less exalted scale I suppose that this is what every young wife must do when she is helping her husband up the rungs of the ladder of life.

But then, of course, a bachelor has no right to an opinion in such matters, or so I have sometimes been informed. And yet there is an old saying that the onlooker often sees the best of the game!

I wonder what you think about it?

## If the world's spotlights are on you . . .

in royal circles, but I happen to have met her several times at Kensington Palace in company with her charming mother, Princess Marina.

And on the first occasion she hadn't been in the room for five minutes before I was thinking . . . "Here is a girl who has just about everything that I admire in young womanhood—gentleness, poise, a very sweet voice, and a smile like April sunshine."

riding reason why this fairy-story princess has—for me at any rate—such an exceptional attraction can be summed up in that same word . . . discipline.

If you are born to the blood royal, if the world's spotlights are on you from the word one, and if you have the sort of integrity and honor which impel you to do your job to the best of your ability, you have to



● La belle Otero's attractions didn't depend on any public exposure of flesh. (She was a Parisian courtesan of the 1890s.)



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# Model wears maxi-coats over her mini-skirts

—But she thinks "Bonnie and Clyde" look is on its way out in England.



● London model Lady Sarah Curzon, who was met by her husband, British racing driver Piers Courage, above, on her arrival in Sydney. Left, in large, floppy-brimmed black fur hat she wore for the flight.



"I THINK the 'Bonnie and Clyde' look is scruffy and untidy — I won't be wearing it and I think it is already on its way out in England," said Lady Sarah Curzon.

Lady Sarah, 23, is a leading model for fashion designer Mary Quant, who introduced the mini-skirt. She is in Australia to see her husband, racing-car driver Piers Courage, compete in the Tasman Championship races.

"I wear maxi-length coats over mini-skirts for the London winter, as I think this is practical, and I wear a floppy hat in the 'Bonnie and Clyde' style, as hats are very useful for London weather, but otherwise I am not adopting the fashion," she said.

Lady Sarah, an attractive, green-eyed blonde with a creamy English complexion, was dressed casually for her long flight, in green corduroy slacks covering knee-length mauve-colored boots ("I know they're not suitable for Australia"), green thick-knit jumper, large sunglasses, and a large, floppy black fur hat.

Mr. Courage, 26, quiet and slim, with fair hair and blue eyes, was waiting eagerly at Sydney Airport for his wife to arrive. They were flying to Coolangatta to spend the weekend at Sorfers Paradise before returning to Sydney for the race at Warwick Farm.

Lady Sarah had only 36 hours' notice of her trip to Australia and had trouble finding summer clothes.

"Summer clothes aren't out yet in London, so I really had to hunt for them," she said.

"I thought at first I couldn't make the trip as my son, Jason, is only 12 months and I have modelling commitments in London.

"But Piers rang me Sunday night and said, 'You must come!' Somehow I made it. "But I was terribly thrilled. I have wanted to see Australia for a long time. Piers was here last year, but I couldn't make it then, as I was expecting Jason."

The racing world was not

new to Lady Sarah when she married Piers in 1966. Her father, the late Lord Howe, was a well-known racing driver and she used to travel the European circuits to watch him race.

"My father started racing when he was over 50, but he was very good," she said.

"I am not nervous when Piers races, he can do what he likes on the track. But on the road I like to drive. He makes me nervous then and I think I am the better driver."

She turned with a grin to see if her husband had heard this comment.

Mr. Courage, of the Courage family of British brewers (their well-known slogan is "Take Courage"), took up car-racing full-time in 1964, teaming with Jonathan Williams in a Formula 3 Lotus 22 for a successful European season.

Fellow-Etonian Charles Lucas invited Piers and Jonathan to join him for a team of Formula 3 Repco-Brabhams in 1965 and Piers won the Grovewood Award for racing that year.

A crash in 1966 kept Piers from racing until April, but later in the year he came eighth at Le Mans in a Ferrari GTB. Last year BRM invited him to compete in the Tasman races.

But Piers raced only at Lakeside, Qld., then returned to England when Jason was born.

This year he is competing as a private entrant in the Tasman race series. He is driving a Formula 2 McLaren and came third in the New Zealand Grand Prix.

I asked Lady Sarah if Piers was interested in fashions and what she wore.

"He's not really interested in fashion, but knows what he doesn't like and tells me very definitely," she said. "I don't dare wear anything he doesn't like, but I find he is usually right about what suits me."

"We have great arguments about luggage. He told me this time to just bring one suitcase," she said, looking guiltily at two bulging suitcases and a large carry-bag. "But I like to come prepared for everything."

When she returns to London, Lady Sarah will model for Mary Quant in Berlin, Amsterdam, and Madrid.

She mainly models for Mary, and does freelance photographic modelling.

Lady Sarah was one of Mary Quant's top models when she launched her Chelsea Look.

"Mary is marvellous to work for," said Lady Sarah. "She is a tiny, nervous person, but very dynamic. She is fantastic the way she keeps coming up with new ideas. She knows just what is going to take on in the coming season."

—BARBARA MARTYN

## TOMMY HANLON'S

### Thought for the week

Mamma once said, "I wonder if universities are still open and, if so, don't students have to study any more? And are they still going to classes? They seem to spend their lives in front of embassies with signs, or holding protest marches with signs, or picketing outside some gate or other with signs. That's what I mean when I say I wonder if universities are still open."

MOMMA'S MORAL: "At one time a man sent his son off to university with a handshake and encouraging words. Today he tweaks his son's beard and says, 'See you later, demonstrator.'"

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# "IT WAS NOTHING SHORT OF A

— This was a father's reaction to the news of the safety of two young people missing in a light aircraft in far North Queensland.

**J**UST after three o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, January 30, Mrs. Judith Boustead, wife of a North Queensland cane-farmer, opened her door to find two young people, bruised, scratched, and blistered, on the doorstep.

"We've been in a plane crash," they said. "Can we use your telephone?"

After a 50-hour ordeal, during which they crossed flooded streams and pushed through tangled jungle, Jane Dowling and Keith Thornton had only one thought — to telephone their parents to tell them they were safe.

"When her father told me Jane was on the phone, I couldn't believe it was true," a relieved Mrs. J. M. Dowling said after the excitement had died down. "It was more than two days since we'd first realised something was wrong. Jane's voice seemed like a miracle."

At ten o'clock on the Sunday morning, Jane, a pretty 20-year-old brunette, had left Atherton in a light Beechcraft plane to return to Sydney. She had been holidaying with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Dowling, and was to resume teaching the next week.

She decided to fly back

## In Atherton, a whole town rejoiced

with Keith, who'd spent the week with the Dowlings.

As they took off, driving showers lashed the area and visibility was reduced to a few feet. Half an hour later, without warning, severe air turbulence flung the small aircraft into the side of a mountain as it flew low to get beneath the cloud.

"Miraculously the doors didn't jam shut and trap us,"

By  
**David K. Wheatley**

Jane said later. "The plane burst open. As we jumped out, the first petrol tank, then the second, exploded!"

Although their faces had been burnt, both escaped serious injury. Turning their backs on the burning wreckage, they set off along the banks of a creek, pushing through the jungle, to find some sign of civilisation.

That evening, in Atherton, Jane's mother had begun to worry. Jane had promised to ring her; the call had not come through.

"It was so unlike either Jane or Keith," Mrs. Dowling said. "I was certain that if they were safe they'd have telephoned."

Next morning, after the first of two sleepless nights, the Dowlings began telephoning, trying to discover whether the plane had checked in at any aerodrome along the route.

By Monday afternoon, the air search was under way, and a sense of doom had fallen over the whole of Atherton, where Dr. Dowling, Medical Superintendent of the Atherton Hospital, and his family are well known and liked.

Mrs. Dowling's eyes shone as she remembered the support the townspeople had given them. "It was as though everyone in the



town felt it was his own children who were missing," she said.

In Atherton, the first to know of Jane's and Keith's survival was Marlene Fraser, who operates the hospital switchboard. As soon as news of the crash was released to the Press, Marlene was given instructions not to put through any calls to the Dowlings' house without asking callers their names.

"When the voice said, 'It's Jane here,' Marlene was terribly startled," Mrs. Dowling said. "Then the whole hospital came alive with rejoicing."

In one of Atherton's busiest stores, shoppers

listened eagerly as the news flash came through on a radio, then all cheered.

Jane could still smile as she told her story from a bed in the Atherton Hospital.

"We thought we were never going to get out of the scrub," she said. "We seemed to be walking for ever. My shoes were left in the plane, so I went barefoot. We swam across rivers and pushed our way through the jungle — and all the time it rained."

Jane and Keith had more than 15 miles to go before, on Tuesday afternoon, they staggered, exhausted, up to that isolated homestead on a cane-farm near Silkwood.

● After surviving a plane crash and a 50-hour ordeal battling through the tangle of a dense North Queensland rain forest, 20-year-old Jane Dowling could still smile in bed in Atherton Hospital.

—Pictures by L. E. TOGNOLA



● Mrs. J. M. Dowling, Jane's mother, far left, and Mrs. Douglas Thornton, who, with her husband, flew to Atherton, Qld., to see their son Keith.

● The Dowlings' home in Atherton, right. Jane said, "On the first night we found a cave to sleep in, but on the second we had to make a shelter."





# MIRACLE"

## In Sydney, a gay 21st birthday party

"TO Jane, who, but I for bad flying on my part, would be here now."

Keith Thornton raised his champagne glass to Jane Dowling, the girl who only a few days earlier had drunk creek water with him on their two-day trek through rugged rain forest in North Queensland.

"To Jane." The 35 guests at Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Thornton's Turramurra (N.S.W.) home drained their glasses.

The girls' formal dresses were as gay as their laughter and the Twist records playing in the background. The guests were not only happy that Keith was 21. They were happy he was alive.

"We've saved a bottle of champagne for Jane's return," said Keith's mother, her floor-reaching gown as bright as her eyes.

"It must have been an awful ordeal for her. She's such a little thing. Keith would let her rest only half an hour a day, and sometimes the jungle was so thick they had to crawl."

From the moment officials at Hoxton Park Airport (outside Sydney) broke the news that their son was missing

Before leaving, Mrs. Thornton told her 18-year-old daughter, Eve, to cancel everything — the champagne ordered for the party from Adelaide; the birthday cake decorated with a tiny blue plane landing on a white-icing runway, and the words "Congratulations, Keith."

They were at Brisbane Airport, preparing to fly to Cairns, when they heard that their son was safe.

"I was in the ladies' room," Mrs. Thornton said, laughing. "I looked such a mess. I was trying to pull myself together."

"My husband grabbed a woman and sent her in to tell me. Outside, he said, 'They're back, alive and well! We will never forget that moment.'"

"I immediately rang Eve, and said, 'Uncancel everything. Put the party on again.' She smiled. 'Of course, we were absolutely besides ourselves with joy.'"

As Mr. Thornton, a Sydney company director, said, his voice barely audible above the revelry of the party that so nearly didn't take place, "It was nothing short of a miracle. How else can you describe going from utter sadness to such happiness?"

What Mr. Thornton found particularly upsetting was the grief of his son's young friends. One boy, whom Keith had known since they were ten, wept.

And, according to Mrs. Thornton, their daughter, Eve, who has always been close to her brother, "grew up an awful lot in that week."

Certainly in manner Eve seemed years older than the other girls at the party as she said quietly, "Everything's all right now."

Her eyes were on her brother, who, apart from a burnt face and dinner jacket two sizes too large for him — his was stolen while the Thorntons were in Queensland — looked in good shape.

As far as Keith is concerned, everything is "all right." He hopes to be flying again in a week or two.

He also plans to put his parents' 21st birthday cheque toward getting his commercial pilot's licence.

His parents' reaction? "We must learn to let go," said his mother.



● Reason to celebrate. Keith Thornton, above, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Thornton, of Turramurra, N.S.W., and sister Eve. "His best 21st birthday present was his life," said his mother.



● Keith with his Sydney birthday party guests (from left) Dean Wenden, of St. Ives (seated), Philip Noss, of Warrabee, Julie Griffiths, of Cronulla, Peter Kernaghan, of Pymble, and Elley Tagg, of Beecroft (seated).

— Pictures by staff photographer BILL PAYNE

By  
VALERIE CARR

on Sunday, January 28, something died in Mr. and Mrs. Thornton.

"I can never describe our grief," said Mrs. Thornton. It was the empty bedroom on the morning of Keith's birthday that brought his parents' grief close to breaking point. (That same day Keith and Jane sighted a farmhouse, and safety.)

Mrs. Thornton said, "When we got up, we thought, 'This is the day, this is Keith's birthday.' I even had his birthday card."

She also had a house key she had had gold-plated and Keith's initials engraved on it.

"We wanted to give him some personal little thing on the night of the party. When I looked at it on Tuesday, it nearly broke my heart."

That day Mr. and Mrs. Thornton made plans to fly to North Queensland.





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## meet Anastasia Alison Anne

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(December 22 to January 20)

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**DRI-GLO NAPPIES**

As a child he remembers people standing on chairs to see his beautiful mother, the former Enid Lindeman, of Sydney. Living internationally on the Riviera, in the Old World...

# HE'S PROUD TO BE HALF AUSTRALIAN

By BARBARA MARTYN

**I** HATE the typical Riviera social life. I don't take any part in it. I have my house there and enjoy entertaining people privately, but that is all."

The speaker was tall, suave, elegantly dressed author Roderick Cameron, now in Australia for four months gathering material for a book on Australia.

The son of the former Enid Lindeman, of Sydney, and her first husband, American shipping owner Roderick Cameron, Mr. Cameron lives in a luxurious Palladian-style villa on Cap Ferrat, between Nice and Monte Carlo.

"One advantage of living on the Riviera is that it does attract a lot of interesting people," he said. "Prince Rainier and Princess Grace are close neighbors and I see a lot of them."

"Princess Grace is a very sweet person, not at all like a film star."

Somerset Maugham was also a close neighbor, and often lunched with Mr. Cameron.

"I was the last person to see much of him. His secretary, Allan Searle, was a great friend of mine."

"Maugham gave me one very sound piece of advice about writing — to treat it as office work and sit down at the desk at nine in the morning and not get up from it till lunchtime."

"He was right. Writing is mainly a question of will-power. After years of self-discipline it has become second nature to me to write — but it is still not easy."

## Art and travel

Mr. Cameron has written several books ranging from the colonial life of Latin America to Anglo-Indian architecture to Captain Cook's voyages in the South Pacific ("The Golden Haze").

"I have an idea that Mr. Maugham mentioned one of my early books, on East Africa, to his publisher, saying he liked it, and this helped me at the beginning."

"I know my book on Captain Cook was one of the last things he read."

"He also paid me the compliment once of saying that he was annoyed with Sir Winston Churchill because he had lent him my book on India and Churchill hadn't returned it."

But possibly the most interesting person at the villa was its owner, Mr. Cameron's mother, now the Countess of Kenmare. She bought "La Fiorentina" after the war. The villa was badly damaged but the position on



**RODERICK CAMERON**, well-known author, who is here for some months gathering material for a book on Australia.

Cap Ferrat highly prized. With the help of her son, she rebuilt and redecorated the villa, making it a luxurious showplace.

"My mother was one of the great beauties of the period," Mr. Cameron said.

"I can remember when I was about five years old walking with her into the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo and seeing people get up on chairs to look at her."

"Even now, at 74, she is still very beautiful and immensely elegant."

"She also has a strong, warm personality. She has never been the sort of woman to spend hours at the dressmaker or beauty parlor."

"She is far more earthy than that. I think it is part of her Australian character."

"She could never bear to be idle and now lives in South Africa, where she has established a racing stud in Cape Province."

"To take up racing at the age of 74 is quite incredible, I think."

Mr. Cameron's father, Roderick Cameron, was one

of six sons of Sir Roderick Cameron, the Scottish shipping-line owner. Sir Roderick raised three sons in England and three in America.

One American son, Roderick Cameron, came to Australia on shipping business and met Enid Lindeman, then 18. They were married and returned to America, where Mr. Cameron was born.

Mr. Cameron's mother has been married three times since: to Brigadier-General F. H. Cavendish; Viscount (Marmaduke) Furness; and the Irish Earl of Kenmare.

Mr. Cameron has a half-sister and half-brother. His half-sister at one time was married to Australian swimmer Frank O'Neill.

"Although born in America, I was raised in England and have lived most of my life in Southern France," he said. "I am bilingual, and this helps tremendously in my travels."

"But I am proud to be half Australian, half American, as I feel I am a mixture of two new worlds."

"I have wanted to write about Australia for some time, but my publisher didn't think there was enough 'world interest' in Australia. However, the Vietnam War has changed that."

"I will be writing a type of history of Australia, but from a personal point of view — my impressions of its development and culture up to the present day."

"I will be visiting all capital cities and have access to a lot of old material such as diaries, photographs, paintings."

"I want to relate the country's art to its history and will be illustrating the book with about 20 color plates and 300 black-and-white illustrations."

## Romantic image

"Australian artists will be represented, for example, Dobell's painting of the Sydney Opera House, which is little known, and I will take a few exterior photographs myself — the Opera House, one of the great buildings of the world in my opinion, Australia Square, and other modern and colonial architecture."

"I want to present Australia as romantically as is possible."

"I want to show its best and most pleasant face to the world — not burly bodies sweating in the sun or dusty outback scenes, but its architecture, art, and its fascinating history."

Mr. Cameron was here once before, 20 years ago, for six months.

"After that visit I wrote about my impressions of the Great Barrier Reef and the central deserts. They were published in the English magazine 'Horizon'."

"My first book was published in 1947. This one on Australia will be my seventh, I think."

"I take about three years to write each book — one year for research, one for travelling, one for writing."

"I have been lucky that I was able to travel and write."

"I have never tried to write fiction, although it would mean less research work and travel, but these days the public seems more interested in informative books."

As well as writing about the countries he visits, Mr. Cameron is a great collector, and likes to take back many mementoes of each country.

One unusual purchase here was an emu egg mounted on carved ivory and encased in leather, which was originally made for the Great Exhibition in London in 1850.

He also hopes to buy several Australian paintings.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 21, 1968





— Picture by staff photographer KEITH BARLOW

Continuing . . . THE PRIME  
MINISTER'S LIEUTENANTS

## Ainsley, aged 21, enjoys a challenge

**F**ORTUNE smiles on Ainsley Gatto, at 21 the recently appointed private secretary to the Prime Minister, Mr. John Gorton.

Ainsley, pictured above on the lawn in front of Parliament House, Canberra, has big, lively brown eyes, a cute nose, strong white teeth, a firm jaw, an intricate powdering of freckles, a capacity for hard work, and a salary of \$5500 a year.

She wears no make-up by day, occasionally at night.

That ring on her third finger, left hand, is a dress-ring, but she admits to "someone in Sydney who is very close."

Ainsley heard the exciting news of her big, new job at the fag-end of a long day from Sir John Bunting, head of the Prime Minister's Department — over the telephone.

She was stunned. She said, "I can't imagine why I was chosen. I often saw

Mr. Gorton in my job as clerk to the Chief Government Whip, and sometimes our families met socially."

Ainsley lives with her parents, Group-Captain and Mrs. S. Gatto, in the Canberra suburb of Campbell. There is an older, married sister and a younger. There are also several highly aristocratic cats.

Less than five years ago, Ainsley began work as a typist with a commercial house, then transferred to the Government as secretary to the Director of Trade Commission Service.

Eighteen months ago, she came to Parliament House, Canberra, to work with the Whip, Mr. Aston. "His office was like Grand Central Station in New York all day," she said, laughing.

Ainsley, though very feminine, is also very career-minded. "I want to see how capable I am," she said. "I enjoy a challenge and I've always had interesting, unusual jobs."

Life in the Whip's office broke her in to long hours and hard work. When

the House was in session she was on the job constantly, night and day, until it rose. But she was fascinated by it all and only rarely regretted the curtailment of a pretty girl's social life.

She did regret having to give up the amateur theatre, in which she played many roles, until the strain became too much. She conceived a great love for the theatre and for art abroad, where her father's job took her during the formative years.

"Will this new job take you abroad?" I asked.

"One can hope, can't one?" she said, smiling. "The PM will have to take someone along to do his typing . . ."

"And you're not planning on getting married for quite a while?"

"Obviously not," said Ainsley. "No one would take on a job like this without meaning to stay in it for quite a few years."

She twirled the dress-ring on her finger and went back to work.

— KAY KEAVNEY





MODELS (from left) Jan de Souza, Angela Harvey, and Joanna Ford.

## LONDON MODELS ON THE MOVE

AUSTRALIA has been seen through many angles of the camera. How does it look to the fresh but worldly eyes of the sort of girls who gave London its swinging image?

"The Australian scene has little to learn from London," said top London fashion model Joanna Ford, who returns this month with Jan de Souza for parades of Orton clothing.

"On the contrary," she added, "you can probably teach us a thing or two. That's why I'm so keen to have another look."

Both girls visited Sydney and Melbourne last November, modelling Orton wardrobes designed by Australia's young manufacturers for the 1967 Melbourne Cup carnival.

And helping Joanna and Jan pick up where they left off is another young London model, Angela Harvey.

With a birthday in September, Angela calls herself the baby of the trio of 23-year-olds. This is her first overseas assignment in four years of modelling.

"Scotland's the farthest I've been so far on a job," she said. "So, naturally, I'm very excited about this trip."

"Jan and Joanna have told me so much about Australia that I just can't wait to get there."

### Changed mind

Jan and Joanna were both somewhat apprehensive before their first visit.

"Never judge a country by their travellers," warned Joanna, a model who has also made breaks into television and film work.

"Like a lot of English people, I had the impression that Australia was rather old-fashioned."

But Joanna soon found herself equally at home in Sydney and Melbourne as

she does in "Dolly's," her favorite haunt and one of London's gayest nightspots.

Jan de Souza, a favorite model of trendsetters Mary Quant and Vidal Sassoon, changed her mind about Australia and Australians the moment she boarded the Sydney-bound Qantas plane last November.

"I think Qantas reflects the Australian atmosphere—swinging, friendly, obliging, and young," she said.

After modelling in Russia, Canada, Africa, Brazil, and the United States, Jan is an experienced judge of air-lines.

Qantas tops her list. Flying the Australian way, she says, is real value for money, particularly on the long flight from London to Sydney.

By CAMILLA  
BEACH, of our  
London staff

Joanna is the first to back her up. "The service was fantastic," she said.

"The stewards were friendly, which made the journey less tiring. We never had to ring the bell: the stewardesses had already anticipated what we wanted. The little things counted, like the hot towels after meals."

"The captain let me sit in the cockpit. And the navigator even plotted a special chart so that I could look at the stars through a small telescope."

The fact that Jan and Joanna were booked for three weeks' work in Australia but stayed for three months speaks for itself.

They became addicted to Australian ways—and kept delaying their departure.

On this second visit the trio will model in Sydney,

Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, and Brisbane. But last November Jan and Joanna saw only Melbourne and Sydney.

Their impression of the two largest Australian cities?

"Sydney's very swinging, wild, and cosmopolitan," says Joanna.

"In Melbourne I found the people so friendly. And I've got a really soft spot for 'Eliza's' because of their Italian music—it's so romantic. That's the very first place I want to go back to."

### Special fares

All three models want to extend their visit for a holiday after the modelling is finished.

They have even gone as far as talking about settling in Australia. But eventually a compromise was reached—to visit Australia again.

The idea of commuting was more popular, but unfortunately none of the three models is eligible for Qantas' specially reduced air fares for "pacesetters."

Only people with Australian or New Zealand passports can take part in the scheme, and they have to be under 26 at the start of the journey.

Flying westbound to Europe, Pacesetter fares are available for travellers starting their journey in June, July, August, or October. Flying from London to Australia or New Zealand, the scheme is in force from April to August inclusive.

Compared to the one-way economy class fare of \$A620 for a Sydney-London flight, the Pacesetter fare is only \$A390.

Pacesetter travellers must fly the route through Hong Kong or Singapore (not Mexico and the United States) and may stop off once in the Far East. A second stop-off is permitted in either Europe or the Middle East.

## SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

WHAT a delightful idea of six country hostesses to give lunch the day after the Juliet Osborne-Hugh Munro wedding to 200 of the guests before they motor back to their different destinations. The party (which will be inside and out in the garden) is at "Bundarbo Station" at Jugiong, the home of one of the hostesses, Mrs. Pat Osborne, the bride's aunt. The others are Mrs. Arthur Menzies, Mrs. P. D. G. Tait, Mrs. G. F. Waugh, Mrs. T. P. Willsallen, and Mrs. M. P. Willsallen. Incidentally, I don't envy them the job of cooking and preparing food for 200 in the heat.

GREAT excitement this week when Susan Mary Simpson flies into Sydney after a year at Cambridge doing postgraduate work in Arts. En route, she stayed with the Barton Babbages in Philadelphia and the Michael Lawrences (she was Sarah Coombe) out of New York. Susan Mary will marry Robert Withycombe (who has also just finished three years' postgraduate study at Cambridge) at St. Mark's on March 14.

IT was almost a "shorts show" midweek at one of the art shows in town when many of the men viewing the exhibition donned shorts to combat the heat. Ian Hawkins looked particularly smart in navy shorts teamed with an ice-blue shirt, navy tie, long blue socks, and a pale blue linen sports jacket.

DATE for your diary . . . February 19, when a black-tie dinner will be held at Pierre's Napoleon Restaurant to raise money for the Australian Forces Overseas Fund.

AND another the following evening—February 20—when the Woollahra Branch of the Save the Children Fund will hold their first function for 1968. It's An Olde Colonial Night at the Argyle Tavern.

I'M told that German chef Gerhardt Spatz and his assistants will be on hand to carve the pig and turkey at the buffet banquet by candlelight which members of the Eternal Childhood Foundation will hold at the Top of the Cross on February 25. Women guests have been asked to wear their prettiest patio dresses, and the men their yachting jackets for the informal party, at which there will be dancing.

AT THE fashion show of the week one of Sydney's best-dressed women—Mrs. Patti Edwards—looked simply stunning in a shift of white French natter wool with a navy pencil overcheck caught at the waist with a thin navy leather belt. It was by Germaine Rocher.

AFTER a real Australian barbecue at the home of French Commercial Counsellor, Mr. Roger Levy, young crew members of the French yacht Pen Duick III joined his daughter, Dominique Levy, in a rush to the wharf to farewell Jennifer Slutzkin, who left for a month's holiday in Noumea in the Polynesie. Then it was back for a swim in the Levys' lovely pool before going on to a bright party to bid them farewell at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michel Taillard at Watson's Bay.

CALLING all burberry owners—especially those who were at the Carlos Zalapas party to meet the Mexican Ambassador, Eugenio de Anzorena, and his wife. Apparently the Brazilian Consul, Mr. Octavio Bandeira, discovered he now has a local model instead of the one he bought in London which fits him better than his "swapped" model.

AT the party I was chatting with Miguel Eduardo Zalapa, who is off soon to The Argentine and Uruguay, where he'll jackaroo for about a year to "learn the land" and to speak Spanish before he settles on some family land in Mexico. Miguel is very excited about plans to import Corriedale sheep from Australia for his property on the Pacific coastline.

EXTENDED school holidays gave Rosemary McInnes and young Americans Jackie and Janet Judd (who live in Sydney) the chance of a lovely holiday in the United States, where they visited the Judds' family and friends. The girls flew to Paris and London and in the States looked at colleges they might attend when they finish their studies at Kambala. They sailed home to Sydney from London in the Canberra.

A WALKING-STICK and torn ligaments in her leg didn't stop Mrs. Frank Clune from bubbling over with plans for the Robert Klippel and Yvonne Audette exhibitions which open at the Bonython Gallery on February 26. Sole representative in Australia for the sculptor and artist, Mrs. Clune says she'll be "fighting fit" for the show.

ROUND of pre-wedding parties in full swing for bride-to-be Robyn Seccombe, of "Merila," Narrabri, who weds David McGain at St. Philip's on February 17. Robyn, who has been nursing in Sydney for a year, spent the Christmas holidays at Narrabri, when her country friends entertained her at a string of teas and parties. When she arrived back here it started all over again.

JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. John McLaren signing the register after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride was Miss Jane Nivison, twin daughter of Mr. S. N. Nivison, of "Ohio North," Walcha, and of the late Mrs. Nivison. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. John McLaren, of "Nerstan," at Woolbrook.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 21, 1968





AT LEFT: Mr. John Mac Smith, of "Boree Cabonne," Cudal, and Miss Ann Buzacott, of Bellevue Hill, had a refreshing drink between races.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brazier, of "Nubrygyn," Euchareena, chatting with the Clerk of the Course, Mr. Gordon Williams, and his horse, Smoky.

## ORANGE PICNIC RACES

● Despite near-century temperatures enthusiastic racegoers travelled from Sydney and in and around Orange for the first picnic race meeting held there in 53 years. Highlight of the meeting was a race for women riders.



ABOVE: Brother and sister Ross Johnston and Susan Johnston, of "Red East," Cargo, were among the many young people who attended the picnic race meeting. Immediately each race finished racegoers sought the shelter of shady trees behind the grandstand.



ABOVE: Threesome Miss Diane de Josselin, of Lane Cove, Mr. John Hunt, of Orange, and Miss Margaret Horrox, of Kingsford (from left), discussing their choices for the next race. Mr. Hunt and Miss Horrox announced their engagement at the ball after the races.

AT LEFT: Mr. Barry Edwards, President of the Orange Jockey Club Picnic Race Meeting, with Mrs. L. Mac Smith (centre), who presented trophies to women riders Miss Sue Wilson, who came third on Phillip's Pride, Mrs. W. D. Parkins, with first place on Lord Dante, and Miss Kathy Barnes (left to right), second on Happy Feeling.



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## Stitch in time won prizes

■ "My mother doesn't believe I make rugs. She thinks I'm too sophisticated," said champion rug-maker Mrs. Rena Skovell, of Melbourne's Elsternwick, as she displayed the hand-made wool rugs she designs and makes as a hobby.

Mrs. Skovell, an attractive Polish woman who has been in Australia for eight years with her husband, Melbourne businessman Mr. Joe Skovell, and their family, became interested in making rugs just two years ago.

"I was on a trip to Europe," she said.

"In France and Holland I saw some beautiful hand-made rugs and thought I'd like to try to make some, too. When I got to London I bought some canvas, and once back in Melbourne started on my first rug."

Last year Mrs. Skovell entered two of her rugs in the craftwork section at the Royal Melbourne Show and they both won first prizes. Her favorite rug won the award for Bokhara, and the second, a cross-stitch pattern, won the section for "any article in other stitch, original design."

(According to Mrs. Skovell, "Bokhara is the best design of Persian rugs. The most famous of the Bokhara designs is the 100-year-old rug, known as Royal Bokhara, which hangs in what was the Royal Palace of Krakow, Poland, and is now a museum.")

### ● Still laughs

Mrs. Skovell still chuckles when she recalls her visit to the Show. She hadn't expected to win any prizes, and the first thing she noticed was one of her rugs was not well displayed.

"While I was pointing this out to my husband, suggesting he should do something about it, he noticed the first prize ticket. Then, of course, I didn't mind that the rug wasn't hanging nicely."

As well as working the rug, Mrs. Skovell designs the patterns. She finds ideas for these from miniatures of pictures of Persian rugs, and incorporates and varies several themes into her design — which she works out on the back of the canvas.

"I have found miniatures in London and Amsterdam, and this year I hope to go overseas with my husband and visit Persia and South Africa, looking for more," she said.

★ Sign in a U.S. national park: "Do not hand bears sandwiches. They do not know where a sandwich ends and the fingers begin."



● MRS. SKOVELL AND HER RUGS.

Mrs. Skovell's first attempt at rug-making was an original Turkish design. When completed — Mrs. Skovell estimates it took her four months, or 600 working hours — she said she thought she "was marvellous. I didn't believe it was finished."

The first rug inspired Mrs. Skovell to attempt another and yet another, until now she has completed eight large — 45in. by 90in. — rugs.

Eight colors of wool were used and all had to be cut

into 2in. pieces before being worked.

Mrs. Skovell says rug-making is rather an expensive hobby. "Each ball of wool costs 50c and I use so much for one rug I don't like to work out the total cost."

Soon she hopes to take her rug-making out of her lounge-room. "I would like to do something useful with it. Perhaps I could spend a few hours each week teaching sick children to make carpets while they are in hospital."

## Men here are not so bright...

... Not in the intelligence department, but in the clothing line. At least, this is the opinion of 23-year-old Scots lassie Vikki Drummond, a journalist, who recently arrived in Australia. She told us:

"Is there any real difference between the fashion-conscious teenagers of Sydney and their London counterparts?"

"After spending my few days in Australia wandering round Sydney streets and visiting the dress shops, the answer is a very firm 'yes'."

"Walk down any street in London and it is the men in their brightly colored shirts and psychedelic ties who stand out in the crowd."

### Rainbow

"In Sydney, the opposite is the case. A man would have to resemble a rainbow to beat the girls at the color game!"

"In their gay mini-skirts the Aussie girls leave the London dollyies at the starting post. British girls prefer darker

colors for office work and many of the dresses worn to work in Sydney would only be seen at parties or dances in Britain."

"But to get back to the men. Though they look jolly smart in their shorts and long socks, the Australian young men are years behind the average Englishman in the use of color."

### Dull shirts

"In the crowded business centre of the city, I haven't seen one colored shirt! In Britain — not just London — almost everyone is wearing the latest shirts in pink, blue, and mauve, while the more adventurous are going in for acid-yellows, greens, purples, and reds."

"And that's just the shirts. Ties, hipsters, and jackets are just as sizzling."

"All this has been going on in Britain for so long now that it is commonplace and a man going to work in a dark red suit, pink shirt, and deep pink tie (as I saw just before I left for Australia) attracts no more attention than anyone else."

"Can you imagine the reaction if he walked down Martin Place tomorrow?"

## COMPACT

## SHE TAKES AWAY A VERY 'HOPPY' MEMORY!

AMERICANS away from home are famous for collecting strange souvenirs, but an American woman who is going home to Seattle, Washington, after more than a year in Tasmania, will really have some wide-eyed friends.

For she is taking her pet wallaby!

Mrs. Charlotte Mullen and her husband, James—who is an engineer with an American firm of contractors—left their grown-up family and home, in Seattle's Mercer Island suburb, to come to Australia in November, 1966.

Mr. Mullen has been working as project superintendent at a tin-mine project on Tasmania's rugged west coast. His work complete, the couple are homeward bound this month.

During the past year—while her husband worked during the week at the project site, 40 miles inland—Mrs. Mullen spent her time looking after their neat house and gardens in the small coastal town of Wynyard, and painting pictures of the numerous scenic spots in the area.

Explaining how she came to be in Tasmania, Mrs. Mullen said: "We often spoke about wanting to come to Australia—never thinking it would happen."

### PET IS AN ORPHAN

"One day Jim was on a job and colleagues were talking about going to Australia. Jim said, 'Whenever you want someone else, just let me know'—never thinking they would take him up on it."

"Then a month or so later, when they asked if he was ready to go to Australia, he called me at home and told me, 'I said, 'Sure—when do we leave?'"

Mrs. Mullen acquired her unusual pet late last year. Someone had shot the wallaby's mother, and a young man took the three-month-old wallaby home. When he heard that Mrs. Mullen wanted one for a pet he gave it to her.

The furry infant, which will grow to about 4½ft., stood only 10in. and weighed 1lb. when Mrs. Mullen "adopted" her.

Given the name Tassie, Mrs. Mullen says she should soon become accustomed to the climate of Washington State because it is similar to Tasmania's.

So far, Tassie has shown a preference for a milk and mint diet and has taken practically no interest in grass. "We are wondering just what she will eat back home," Mrs. Mullen said. "She won't even look at lettuce or anything like that. People feed rabbits on alfalfa pellets in winter time at home, so maybe Tassie will like them."

Mrs. Mullen's five grown-up children and 15 grandchildren are sure to like the family's addition, but there are bound to be many second looks from passers-by when Tassie and Mom go shopping in Seattle soon.



● MRS. MULLEN AND TASSIE.



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ROBERT TAYLOR, sportsman, film and TV star, and former heart-throb to millions of women around the world...

# He likes being an EX-matinee idol

By NAN MUSGROVE

FAMOUS American movie and TV star Robert Taylor must surely have embraced more world-famous beauties and caused more heart-throbbing and tremulous sighs than most other actors.

His recent visit to Australia for the Winchester Claybird Tournament certainly stirred up old and not-so-old embers among his Sydney fans.

After he appeared in TCN's "Tonight Show" with Mike Walsh, I found I was an object of interest and envy because I had met him. More women spoke to me about Robert Taylor than anyone else I have ever interviewed.

Many were grandmothers and middle-aged mothers, but I was surprised at his tremendous popularity with young marrieds and the early twenties age group.

His young fans are all ardent televiewers and may be divided into two sections: those who sigh over him as their mothers do because they have seen him on TV in old films (especially "Waterloo Bridge"), and those who prefer him as Captain Holbrook of "The Detectives".

"I like him best as Captain Holbrook," one young fan told me. "His face is ravaged, interesting, full of character, better than when he was so good-looking."

But old and young all asked, "What is he like?"

To be honest I must say Robert Taylor is very definitely an ex-matinee idol, an ex-heart-throb.

At 57, which he says he is, he is beginning to thicken in the figure, thin in the hair, and the outline of the finely chiselled classic features is starting to blur.

## Big, broad man

Five years have passed since he made "The Detectives", and in that time I think Taylor has picked up close to two stone in weight. He is still a fine, upstanding man, 6ft. tall, broad-shouldered, with the most beautiful deep sky-blue eyes; his hairline with its widow's peak is still well defined.

Taylor came to Australia as "tour manager" of a group of American target shooters who won a world trip as the grand prize in the 1967

## Television

Winchester International Claybird Shooting Contest.

Taylor said he thought he and his wife would most correctly be described as the team's "winddressing."

He is right, I am sure, but who cares? He certainly doesn't. I laughed when he said it and remarked that he had no illusions about himself, and he shrugged and raised his eyebrow in that famous quirk.

Just briefly I felt envious again of Vivien Leigh and "Waterloo Bridge," which he told me is absolutely his favorite film—the one he remembers, enjoyed making, and thinks is his best.

The beautiful women he has acted with made little impression on him.

There was, for instance, back in the 'thirties, Norma Shearer, then Garbo, Vivien Leigh, Loretta Young, Diana Wynyard, Elizabeth Taylor. I asked him who among them was the most beautiful, the best actress.

"Even if I could decide, I wouldn't say," he said. "It wouldn't be tactful."

"But you've left some out. Lana Turner was really beautiful and still is a very good-looking woman. And what about Ava Gardner?"

I said I thought she'd got rather coarse looking and her legs were always bad, and he was horrified. He regards her still as a very beautiful woman.

Mrs. Taylor, who was with us, said we hadn't mentioned one of the most beautiful actresses Robert had starred with—Eleanor Parker. I asked her whether she had ever been jealous of her husband.

She has been, but not any more.

"After 14 years of marriage we know each other pretty well," she said, looking at her husband lovingly.

The Taylors are obviously a happy pair. Mrs. Taylor, who at one stage was headlined as "the most beautiful woman in the world," is that old-fashioned female, a pretty woman.

Her prettiness is the sort that is admired always and would be in any century. It is not a vague or fashion look, like the well-groomed ugly-pretty of the 1960s.

She has a heart-shaped face with wide, high cheekbones, hazel eyes, fine olive skin, and pretty, softly waving brown hair.

Ursula Taylor is German and had been married and divorced before she met Taylor. She had two children by her first husband, a son, Michael, and daughter, Manuela, who is now 24.

Both her children had had emotional problems, especially Manuela, who ran away from home at 12, married at 16, took to alcohol, and had trouble with the police over her drinking.

The Taylors have two children of their own, son Terry, 13, and daughter, Tessa, 8.

## Tolerant wife

I wondered how they felt about the young and today's teenagers with their background of problems with Ursula's children and with their son, Terry, on the edge of the troubled years.

"Don't ask me about today's teenagers," Robert said, "ask Ursula. She is much more tolerant, has more heart for them than I have. I just get angry."

"I don't think today's teenagers have changed," Ursula said. "I think times have changed—and the world, too—and we have confused them."

"It is so hard for teenagers to keep up with the changes. From an early age they are supposed to be grown-up and yet they are young and inexperienced."

"I feel sorry for the youth of today. I would not want to be a teenager now."

"Our Manuela had great troubles based on emotional problems, but as she got older she overcame her problems, and now she is adjusted and everything for her is just beautiful."

"She recently finished her first picture, in which she stars as Manuela Thiess."

"She had to work her own problem out for herself; she built up to its solution slowly herself, in private. When a teenager behaves like Manuela did there is not much a parent can do, the teenager has to make it by herself."

Said Robert: "I think Ursula is right. The teenagers I consider a bit nutty are hippies—I would like to



Robert Taylor and his wife, Ursula Thiess, at the New South Wales Gun Club in Sydney. They were on a three-day visit for the Winchester Claybird Tournament as managers for the American championship team.

drown them! They represent only about five percent of the teenagers of the world and I do believe they will make it yet, eventually grow up."

Taylor said they wanted Terry and Tessa to do what they do best and whatever made them happiest.

"We have no idea yet what that might be," he said, "except that Tessa has announced she wants to be the mother of 14 children."

(Both children are blond with Dad's blue eyes. He thinks their good looks are like Ursula's, she thinks they are like Robert's.)

I couldn't get used to the idea of Robert Taylor, sportsman, ex-aviator, and ex-matinee idol.

"I like it much better this way," he said. "It is nice to think I have fans here, and they remember some of my good pictures, but I enjoy my life much more now than ever before."

He hunts birds with Terry and Ursula, hunts elk and antelope on his own. He's mad about fishing and riding, loathes TV, will never make another series, never watches TV except for football and news.

Until three years ago he piloted his own Beechcraft aircraft, has 6200 flying hours to his credit.

## His real name

I don't know how we got round to it, but Robert Taylor and I ended up talking about his real name—Spangler Arlington Brough—which to me is as incredible as his transformation from movie heart-throb to real-life human.

The final touch came when he told me I mispronounced "Brough." I had said "Bruff."

"Oh, no," he said, "it's 'Broo,' as in brew."

I left just after that, saying to myself, "Goodbye, Robert Taylor," and bowing in the direction of my new hunting, shooting, and fishing acquaintance, Spangler Brough.

FOOTNOTE: I asked Ursula Taylor whether she had enjoyed her role as the girl reporter in "The Detectives." Looking me in the eye she said, "I was never comfortable in that role, I am not inquisitive enough."

# 1968



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 21, 1968





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ABOVE: Scene from "Find the Lady," an episode from "Man in a Suitcase." The Lady, at right, is Jeanne Roland. Left: McGill (Richard Bradford), a chunky, powerful man in his 30s cast in the acting tradition of Marlon Brando and Patrick McGeehan.

## A NEW SPY SERIES WITH A DIFFERENCE

Television



● TV's current craze, the spy or secret service series, has a new twist in the latest offering, "Man in a Suitcase" — its hero, McGill (Richard Bradford), is a career spy.

McGill, who apparently has no Christian name, is a discredited American Intelligence agent, his career shattered, his reputation ruined by reasons of internal intrigue quite beyond his control.

Naturally, McGill, has been unjustly discredited. It has made him both bitter and twisted, unable to trust anyone.

He has one big trouble — he is human, has to work to eat to live. He does this the only way he knows — packs a suitcase and sets up as a career spy, prepared to go anywhere, do anything for money.

McGill is an anti-hero; you can't help liking him though he doesn't ask to be liked. He is a new type of TV hero who may well take over from other spies with noble motives.

— NAN MUSGROVE

● "Man in a Suitcase" may be seen on ABC-TV, Mondays at 8 p.m. in Sydney and Melbourne; in Brisbane and Hobart from February 26; in Adelaide from Friday, March 8.



# AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

- I have discovered what is **WRONG** with Australia. No mermaids. At least, as far as I've been able to discover we've never had any.

**D**ILIGENT searching has failed to turn up a case of an Australian fisherman with a strange, green-haired wife, or a coastal farmer whose fish-tailed mate insists that his best pastures be reserved for her sea cows when they come ashore at night to graze.

Every other country in the world — ancient world, modern world, new world, old world — has had its mermaids. Even countries without a coast had their water people, living in streams and rivers. According to some etymologists, Noah was a merman (his name and his reputation are remarkably similar to those of the

Babylonian fish-tailed god), which certainly would have made it easy for him to deal with the Great Deluge.

Non-believers, of course, have always said that what sailors thought were mermaids were actually dugong, or manatees. If you've ever seen a picture of one, it's a bit hard to see how anyone could look at those blubbery lips, that bristly moustache, those little eyes, and that great, heavy body and come home to tell his family about the lissom sea-maiden he'd seen sitting on a rock, singing enchantingly while she combed her hair.

Seals, now, might be a bit more likely. Seals have grace, and enormous melting eyes. They do come out of the water and bask on the rocks, and they are said to have quite a range of fairly melodious notes.

Long ago (long before travellers had got here to report that Australia had scentless flowers and songless birds and not a trace of a mermaid anywhere), it was only a few obstinate, cynical, and argumentative souls who cast any doubt on their existence.

Sensible people knew that they existed, that they had eternal youth, that they longed with an overpowering longing for a human soul, that they had prophetic powers, that they needed to be handled very cautiously, and would revenge any injury done to them. If you hadn't had the luck (and it wasn't always good luck) to see one, you almost certainly knew someone who had.

As late as 1723 the existence of mermaids was "proved" in Denmark. A royal commission was set up to inquire into their existence. If the commission found against them, it was going to become illegal to speak of them.

The members of the commission put to sea, and blow me down if they didn't see a merman off the Faroe Islands (his eyes were deeply sunk in his head and he had a long black beard which looked as if it had been cut, and he puffed out his cheeks and gave vent to a deep roar) — and that put paid to any nonsense about not believing in sea-people in 1723.

The seas that wash the Scottish and Irish coasts were believed to be richly peopled, and many families in both countries, according to legend, had mermaid blood in them and therefore were safe from drowning.

In the Hebrides, as late as 1830, there was great excitement when some people gathering seaweed saw what they took to be a mermaid. Some boys threw stones at the swimming creature, and next day its body was washed up on the shore.

Eyewitnesses claimed that "the upper part of the creature was the size of a well-fed child of three or four years of age, with an abnormally developed breast. The hair was long, dark, and glossy, while the skin was white, soft, and tender. The lower part of the body was like a salmon, but without scales."

And Mr. Duncan Shaw, the land agent from Clonmald, and sheriff for the district, apparently thought it was at least part human, because he ordered a shroud and a coffin to be prepared for it, so that it could be given decent burial.

## Mr. Hawker sat, in plaited seaweed wig, singing his siren song

**M**ERMAID hoaxes were good fun, too. One of the funniest was perpetrated by Robert Hawker, who later became vicar of Morwenstow.

In July, 1826, at full moon, he swam to a rock not far offshore at Bude, in Cornwall, put on a long wig he'd plaited from seaweed, wrapped oilskins round his legs, and sat, naked from the waist up, holding a mirror in his hand and singing.

Crowds gathered. The next night there were even bigger crowds, on the cliffs and on the beach, and they sat in complete silence in the moonlight, listening to the mermaid's singing until "she" dived off the rock and disappeared from sight.

After three or four nights, Mr. Hawker was getting bored with the joke and his throat was getting tired, so his last song of the night was a loud "God Save the King," after which he dived into the sea and disappeared, never to be seen in mermaid form again.

Even his choice of a final song failed to convince most of his listeners that they hadn't seen, with their own eyes, a fabulous sea creature of startling allure and mysterious magical powers.

The only person I know who has almost seen a mermaid is Mike. He won't thank me for reviving the story, because it all happened in that unthinkable, unmentionable time, about a million years ago, when he was five.

We had a holiday house on a cliff above a little fishing town, and in the early morning the children used to walk down — dawdling well behind the girls — to get the paper and milk.

One morning Mike erupted back into the house, yelling, "Get up, get up, there's a mermaid in the bay." His sluggish, unbelieving parents wanted to stay put, so we advised him to look again. It had gone, and Mike was so disappointed on our behalf that we promised that next time we really would come.

Three days later the call came. Mike had sighted his mermaid again. We went. She was there all right, swimming in the bay, with huge brown eyes, and her golden hair streaming in the water. After a while she came out, shook herself, and dried herself in the sand.

Some people down the street from us have recently acquired an Afghan hound. She has the most gentle and aristocratic face, red-gold hair, and eyes that would melt a heart of stone. The girls can still get a bite out of Mike by saying, "You know who I mean—those people with the tame mermaid in their garden."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 21, 1968



**only Tek\* ANTI-GERM  
toothbrushes have  
germ fighting action**

AG concentrate incorporated in bristles...  
active anti-germ action for life of brush.

Johnson & Johnson

\* TRADE MARK

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TSY308



# Dear Polly,

"I'm scared of hair colouring. My hair's mousy and dull-looking and I desperately need a change. But I want to be sure it'll look good when I'm finished."

Changing the colour of your hair is easy these days. You just shampoo in Polycolor. With Polycolor Cream Shampoo Hair Colouring your hair always looks completely natural. You can darken or deepen the present colour of your hair or make a complete change - there are 20 shades to choose from. The colour covers up to 30% grey and lasts a month or more...then you just shampoo in Polycolor again!

No need to worry about results either. Polycolor was first developed on the Continent and is now used successfully by women all over the world. It's a cream shampoo hair colouring that's mistake-proof as well as simple to use...And special conditioners in Polycolor will leave your hair sleek and shining and naturally healthy.

P.S. For very grey hair, you should use Polycolor Cream Hair Tint.

If you have a hair problem write Pauline 'Polly' Reynolds, Polycolor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W. 2163 or call her in person at Sydney 72-0461.

**POLYCOLOR**  
*Internationally Renowned*



At Pharmacies and  
Department Stores

PC 1-80

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# "I'm ready to quit —but what went wrong with our marriage?"

## "We've Been Married Two Years And ALL we do is Fight!"

**A**N EXASPERATED woman began her letter to a newspaper advice counsellor. She continued:

"I was so crazy about Bill when we were going together nobody could tell me anything. My folks tried, but I told them to mind their own business and let me run my life.

"What happened to the great LOVE AFFAIR of the century?"

### Why Marriage Problems

The above example is one of MILLIONS in the Western World. Today, marital problems, adultery, wife-swapping, divorce and desertion are COMMON. A good share of murders occur as the result of family quarrels.

The situation is so bad, some marriage counsellors are actually telling people adultery can *SAVE* their marriage. People are being told it's more fun to *stay single* — and never marry!

Married people feel horribly *insecure*. They don't know if and when their mates will step out on them, commit adultery or demand a divorce.

Another woman, seeking advice, wrote this frightening letter to a marriage counsellor:

"I'm forty-six and *afraid*. When I glanced in the mirror this morning, I realised for the first time that I am no longer young. I wonder how I appear to my husband who

works in an office with chic, attractive career girls.

"Now that I think of it, he's been having dinner downtown more often than he used to. *Do you think, perhaps — ?*"

### Can Marriages Be Saved?

Can this woman keep her husband? Would *adultery* save her marriage? Is a marriage *WORTH* saving? Or is it better never to marry?

What about the Ten Commandments — the 7th one which says: "Thou shalt NOT commit adultery"? Is it really *out of step* with this modern world?

Why DO we have this institution we call "marriage"? Where did it come from? Is it merely a passing social custom? Or does it have a *GREAT PURPOSE* that most people are simply unaware of?

Why do we have such marital strife, family bickering, divorce? Why do people who seem to be completely in love *before marriage* — soon come to *HATE* each other after the honeymoon is over?

Why do marriage counsellors get letters like the one below:

"I'm nineteen and my divorce will be final next week. I'm writing to find out *where I failed*. I'm still young and hope to marry again, but I don't want to make the *SAME MISTAKE*.

"Stu and I started to go together in our senior year of high school. He was my first serious sweetheart.

"Please tell me *what was wrong*. We were so in love."

### What IS the Answer?

There is a *REASON* why this world is full of marital strife and

divorce. Every *EFFECT* has a cause. Divorce, family bickering, adultery — all have a cause.

They are *caused* by broken laws.

But, just as there are obvious *causes* for marital frustration, strife, and *divorce* — SO are there *CAUSES* that produce marital *JOY* — *peace*, happiness!

It's time you discovered *those causes*!

There is a way by which you can save your marriage — if you have already found your mate. If you are still unmarried, you can guarantee yourself a blissfully happy marriage — free from marital strife and unhappiness.

### Get This Literature

We are offering — *FREE* of charge — a very important article called, *Your Marriage Can Be Happy*. You can have your copy, without cost, as a public service.

This important article will explain the reason *WHY* the woman married to Bill wants to "call it quits" — and how she can *SAVE* her marriage. It explains *WHERE* the

nineteen-year-old girl failed in her marriage. The article shows exactly *HOW* the forty-six-year-old woman can keep her husband happy — and at home.

The article will tell you how *YOUR MARRIAGE* can be happy. How you can *SAVE* it — even if it is on the brink of disaster.

You will also receive *The PLAIN TRUTH* magazine, *FREE*. It's the world's *unique* human interest news magazine. It explains the *significance* of today's world news and its *FUTURE* outcome. The magazine gives solutions to the problems besetting man today.

Both the article and magazine are yours, *FREE*! There is no cost, *no obligation* on your part. No one will call on you. You are not asked to join any organisation.

This material is sent as a public service. But it contains *vital information* — showing how *YOU* can have a happy marriage. Send for this article and the magazine.

Clip out and post this coupon immediately.

## AMBASSADOR COLLEGE

P. O. Box 345

North Sydney, NSW 2060

Please send me, at no obligation, the following *FREE* literature

☐ Your Marriage Can Be Happy

☐ The PLAIN TRUTH Magazine

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



## Progress in the country

WILMA FRANGE'S regrets for the passing of the old farmhouse suggests that she never lived in one. Farmers today see farming not as an entertainment for growing motorists but as a business to be run efficiently. The wife is a competent partner, who deserves, and usually gets, a decent, well-equipped home in pleasant surroundings. In short, the farmer and his wife are no longer content to be anyone's underprivileged country cousins.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Wilcox, Jerralong, Vic.

RAMBLING farmhouses with appropriate roaming animals still exist. Take ours. Weatherboard, with open verandas surrounding it, plus a huge wood-heap. Cows being urged along by—yes, children. A yelping dog does exist. No scarcity of children, chickens, calves, cats, and chattering birds. But old tractors? One doesn't leave a redundant tractor just sitting around for the use of hens and roosters. It is quickly traded-in for a new, shiny model. Sorry, must fly. I'm being invaded by yelping children, yelping dog, and yowling cat.

\$2 to "Farmer's Wife" (name supplied), Camden, N.S.W.

THE yelping dogs and chickens are still around, but missing is the old-fashioned wide veranda that ran right around the house and housed the overflow of beds for visitors, the comfortable chairs and tables for meals outside, and was a wonderful nursery for small children—in sight and sound, yet out of the way. Why, oh why, did we let the verandas disappear from our homes? (They are no longer called homesteads.) The veranda and attic should be a must.

\$2 to Mrs. N. Stanley, Somers, Vic.

PROGRESS is not a city prerogative. At last farmers in remote areas are able to enjoy the amenities of civilisation, including attractive modern homes. Pride in surroundings has produced lawns and flower-filled gardens, but eliminated roaming animals, darting chickens, and old, rusting ironmongery. Good luck to today's farm-dweller and his modern version of the old homestead. He—and more particularly his wife—has had it tough long enough.

\$2 to Mrs. D. E. Carswell, Coleraine, Vic.

PERHAPS my sister's farm at Wyong Creek would appeal. It is old and dilapidated (they've only been there a year), no smooth lawns, a very rough drive from the road, and broken fences. Pigs wander around the yard with the dog and cat. Often cows stray in, too. Last time, we stayed there we had a horse in the bedroom and to get out he had to go through the lounge. There is also old machinery lying around.

\$2 to "Sister," Kurnell, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 21, 1968



## LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

## Guessing game

SOMETIMES, having bought a lottery ticket for my four children, we would share dreams about what we would buy with our winnings. Once, during the holidays, we played a game of each guessing six winning numbers, a total of 30. On the days when two lotteries were drawn, we would have 60 chances. At the end of three weeks, we gave up, vowing never to count on winning anything we want in this life. The only winning number guessed was that of a \$10 prize. Had we bought the ticket, it would have cost a small fortune. Try the game yourself.

\$2 to Mrs. D. Cross, Charlestown, N.S.W.

## Abuse of prayer

RECENTLY I received a chain letter which horrified me. It seemed so impious and dangerous. It contained a line of prayer exhorting me to trust in the Lord, and instructed me to send copies to 20 friends. I would then receive lots of money. It further gave examples of people who, breaking the chain, had died. The address had been taken out of the phone book. Who starts these chain letters, and why? One such as this could frighten a sensitive person and is a wicked abuse of prayer.

\$2 to "Angry" (name supplied), Kew, Vic.

## Anniversary tray

DO other readers like this idea as a memento of all the important occasions of their married life? For our first wedding anniversary, I bought a silver tray and had an appropriate inscription engraved on it. Shortly, when our first child is born, the date and name will be added to the tray.

\$2 to Mrs. D. Bonney, Townsville, Qld.

## Wrong approach

WORKING as a dental nurse before marriage, I was told never to use the word "hurt" to a child. Most parents are guilty of saying, "Don't worry, it won't hurt," to children when they are about to visit a doctor or dentist. This immediately instils the word "hurt" in their minds. If they are at all upset about going, by the time they arrive all they can remember is "hurt"—mentioned by Mum. And by now they are sure it will hurt, something they may never have thought of themselves.

\$2 to "Thoughtful" (name supplied), Wowan, Qld.

## Baffling saying

THE saying "He knows which side his bread is buttered on" has always baffled me. It doesn't matter which side our bread is buttered on—we eat both sides, anyway.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Matherson, Windsor, N.S.W.

## Ross Campbell writes...

### CLEAN LIVING

AUSTRALIANS — did you know? — are the cleanest people in the world.

We use more soap and detergent than the inhabitants of any other country—32lb. per person per year.

Anyway, that is the finding of some Japanese soap experts who claim to have gone into the subject.

Adam Lindsay Gordon was not far wrong when he said life here was mostly froth and bubble.

From my observations, there are special reasons why we use so much soap.

The habit of leaving it in the bath water is very prevalent.

Repeatedly I have said to a member of my family: "You're big enough to bath yourself." When I

came back, the soap was lying in the water in a run-down condition.

Various excuses were made: "It's too slippery." "I'm still using it." "I put it on the side, but it fell in again."



Some parents use a different technique. Mrs. Hopkins, who has two boys, says: "I tip two tablespoonfuls of detergent in the bath, leave them to it, and take them out in ten minutes." But this again is hardly economical.

The vogue of bubble baths has helped to push up consumption figures.

Bottles of bubble-bath stuff are often given now as birthday presents. For some reason they are got up to look like champagne, though the contents taste quite different.

I am not a bubble-bath man, but my youngest daughter is fond of

them. She usually has one in the company of a friend of her own age, as bubble-bathing is a social activity.

Figures for the national shampoo consumption are not available, but in households with young females it is heavy.

Conversations go like this:

(From bathroom): "Mum, there's no more shampoo. Could you bring another bottle?"

"Surely you're not shampooing your hair again!"

"Yes, I'm going out to a barbecue."

"But you had a shampoo yesterday! Your hair is soft, sheeny, glossy, and glowing enough already."

"Mum, don't be ridiculous!"

"Oh, all right. Here's a bottle."

And, of course, the Australian passion for washing extends to cars. Sunday is regarded as a day sacred to car-washing, and streams of detergent flow down the gutters.

I don't think the rest of the world realises yet just how clean we are. When the word gets around, it will probably not do us much good.

But we shall have to put up with our spotless reputation. It is only a matter of time before the Dutch are marketing "Old Aussie Cleanser."

## DINNER DATE

• Silk turtle-neck evening sweaters, a new fashion for men, may replace dress shirts and ties.



What will become of that old device Of adjusting the loved one's tie? Those gentle fingers ("You DO look nice") And a small, flirtatious sigh.

Only an innocent man could hope Such female wiles to check. Be he never so neat, there's a ton of scope — She'll straighten his turtle-neck.

— Dorothy Drain

## Tea-totalling

WOMEN become tea-drinkers as soon as they are married. When I was single, I never drank it. As soon as I was married, I could not do without my cuppa. Can anyone tell me why, after years of milk shakes and soft drinks, a person changes to tea-totalling?

\$2 to "Milk Shake Girl" (name supplied), Blaxland, N.S.W.

## Always the truth

IT was just women's talk at a social gathering. When one said, "Oh, well, there's always two sides to every story," we were prepared to leave it at that. Then our oldest Nanna spoke up. "Three sides, my dears. There's always the truth."

\$2 to "Quite Right" (name supplied), Ashfield, N.S.W.

## Where bacon comes from . . .

HAVE you ever heard of pigs laying bacon? I hadn't until we were visited by a family from the city, who knew very little about farm life. It was great excitement for the children when we all went to collect the eggs from the various nests around the farm. Returning to the house, the younger of the two children suggested, "Now let's go and see if the pigs have laid any bacon."

\$2 to "Country Girl" (name supplied), Busseton, W.A.



## Complexion Loveliness

The secret of smoothing and beautifying the complexion is said to lie in the saturation of the skin with a new type of moist tropical oil. The skin takes on a radiant peaches-and-cream bloom as roughness and tiny lines are gently smoothed away. This nourishing treatment with the tropical oil of Ulan is recommended by skin care consultants to give the complexion day - long beauty and the natural glow of a healthy skin, even in winter. Used daily before making-up Ulan promotes a pretty youthful complexion bloom.

... Margaret Merril

## Who took Sally's chocolate Laxettes?



## Grandma did

What's Grandma doing with a laxative made for children?

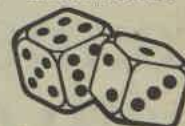
Let's explain: young folk and elderly folk both have delicate systems, so both have the same problem when it comes to irregularity. Sally and Grandma each need a safe and gentle laxative. That describes Laxettes perfectly!

The moral for grown-ups: Keep regular with Laxettes but please don't borrow Sally's.

Free: send for generous sample to Dept. A101, 121 Cremorne St., Richmond, Vic., 3121.

LA101WW

## DON'T GAMBLE WITH BACKACHE!



Why experiment with untried remedies? Countless people in more than 80 countries have discovered that De Witt's Pills bring sure, fast relief from backache and the pain of rheumatism and sciatica. De Witt's is the remedy you can trust.

## De Witt's Pills

LOOK ALIVE with  
**The Bulletin**  
POLITICAL COMMENT,  
NEWS, and VIEWS  
EVERY WEEK





**PERFECT  
PARTNERS**  
orchard fresh  
canned peaches  
with creamy  
smooth Carnation  
(half the cost  
of cream)



Carnation—from contented cows.



Put these perfect partners in the fridge  
right now, ready to serve tonight!



This is the **SIXTH WEEK** of our ...

**\$15,000**

## P.A.M. FASHION CONTEST

(and, of course, P.A.M. means Please A Man!)

**First Prize: \$10,000**

**Second Prize: \$2000**

**Third Prize: \$1000**

**plus 20 Consolation Prizes of \$100 each**

● Join the crowd! Everyone's excited about our Please A Man Fashion Contest—so why don't YOU test your fashion skill in judging the clothes with the most man-appeal.

**E**ACH week for ten weeks we are choosing one of our COLOR fashion pictures as the weekly "key" to a dollar bonanza.

We show you a small identifying picture (like the one below) — and you just leaf through the paper till you find the same picture in color.

To qualify for the contest, you simply cut out the color pictures — one a week — for ten weeks. ● Don't forget to collect the color pictures from the last five issues of the paper.

Then, when you have all the pictures, we will ask you to test your fashion skill by placing the pictures in the order you think THEY WILL MOST APPEAL TO A MAN.

The last of the ten pictures will be in our issue dated March 20. The contest coupon will be in the following week (March 27).

All ten color pictures MUST be attached to this coupon or your entry will be disqualified.

The coupon will also provide space for you to say, in 30 words or less, the reasons for your No. 1 choice.

Of course, you may send in as many entries as you like — BUT each entry must be accompanied by an entry coupon, and by its own set of ten color pictures.

The contest will close on April 3. After all the entries have been received, a panel of men will be chosen.

They will vote on the order in which they think the ten pictures should be placed, and these votes will produce the prizewinning order, from one to ten.

If no entry matches this solution, the prize will go to the entry with the most correct placings (see contest conditions below).

If there is a tie, the best reason given for the No. 1 choice will be the deciding factor.

**THIS WEEK: No. 6**

**LOOK FOR THIS  
PICTURE IN COLOR**

... cut out the color picture and keep it. You must have all ten color pictures or your entry will be disqualified.

### CONTEST CONDITIONS

● All entries for the contest must be received by Wednesday, April 3, and must be addressed: P.A.M. FASHION CONTEST, THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 7032, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W. 2001.

● Entries must be on the coupon cut from The Australian Women's Weekly dated March 27, and must be accompanied by ten fashion pictures cut from the ten issues of the paper dated January 17 to March 20 inclusive.

● Entries which do not include all ten fashion pictures IN COLOR—as identified by The Australian Women's Weekly — will be disqualified.

● If no entry exactly matches the prizewinning order, the first prize will go to the entry with the most correct consecutive placings, beginning with No. 1 or, failing that, No. 2 and so on.

● In the event of a tie, the best reason for the No. 1 choice will be the deciding factor.

● Entries eliminated from a tie for first prize will be awarded the lesser prizes in order of merit, and the same procedure will follow with the lesser prizes.

● This contest is governed by the rules published in full in our issue dated January 17.



He needs the  
energy-giving glucose  
in refreshing  
**Dexsal**

Mother—you know how quickly hot weather saps a child's energy. Then come the tears and sulks. He's too tired to play. He won't eat his dinner. Yet there's a simple way to help your child over hot weather fatigue.

Give him a bubbling glass of Dexsal, with energy-giving glucose.

**Dexsal's quick-acting glucose  
gives an energy boost**

Dexsal is more than just another fizzy drink. It contains 34 per cent medicinal glucose which is absorbed direct into the bloodstream, releasing an immediate energy boost. Within minutes, youngsters brighten up—they even look forward to that once-despised dinner!

**And Dexsal gently soothes  
'hot weather tummy'**

If your child gets a tummy upset in hot weather—and many children do—you'll find Dexsal a great help. Dexsal is carefully designed to bring gentle relief to young tummies, soothing that 'sickly' feeling while it restores lost energy.

Children love Dexsal as a sparkling refreshing drink. This summer, be sure to keep a bottle of Dexsal handy.

Only from your family chemist

When your tummy needs more  
than just a fizzy drink,  
Dexsal stands apart

**DHA**

DRUG HOUSES OF AUSTRALIA LTD.

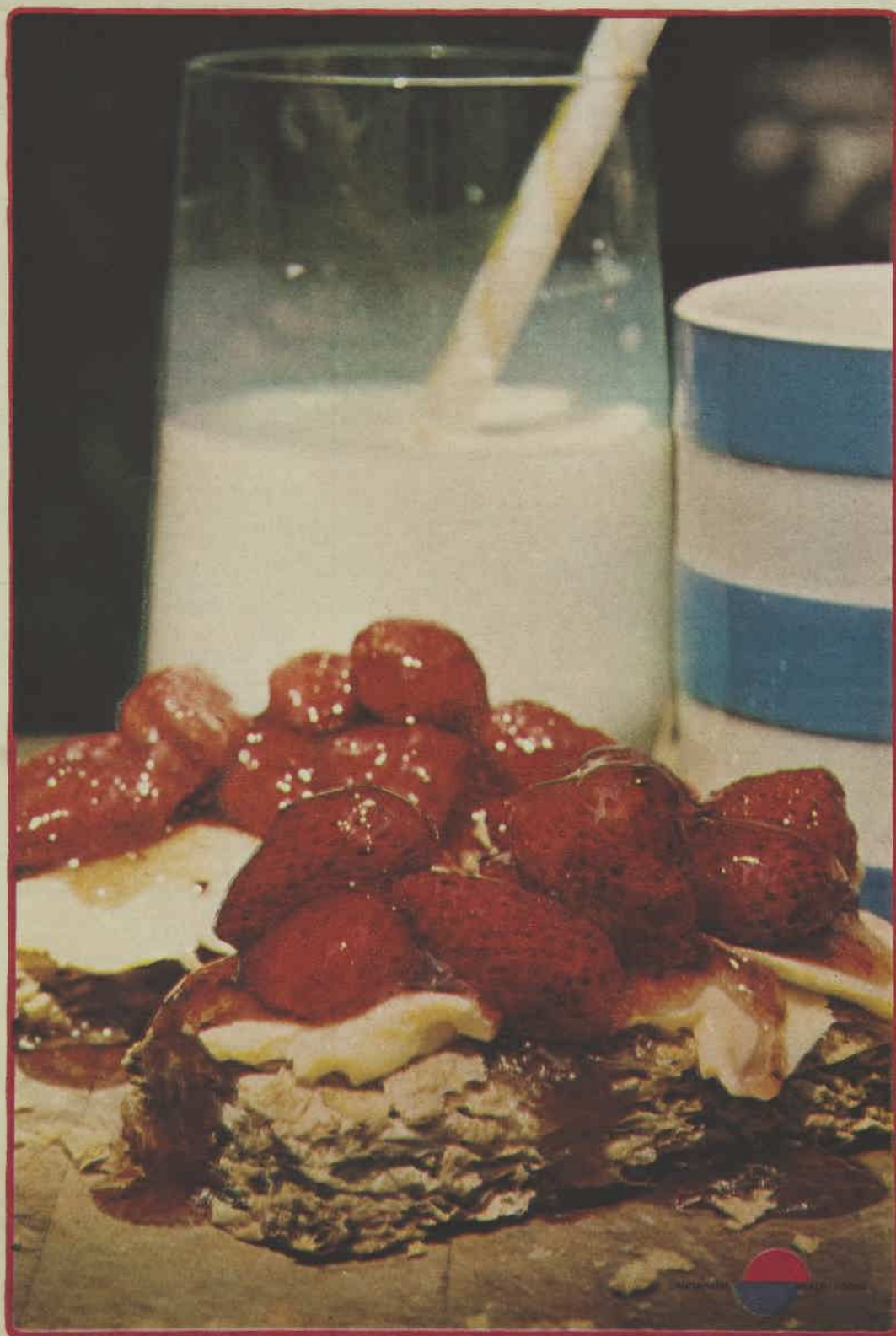


DHA/8812



# A STRAWBERRY COVERED WEETBIX WELCOME

What a way to welcome them home from school



A big crisp Weet-Bix, smothered in butter and piles of strawberry jam. A little surprised? Could be you've forgotten the taste of a crisp Weet-Bix eaten like this. Remember today, when the kids bound in after school... have one with them, for old times' sake. Maybe you'll remember another way you loved them. Have that tomorrow.



Don't put the Weet-Bix away after breakfast. They're too good. Sanitarium see to that.



# DON'TS FOR A BRIDE

• Don't be a "getcheta" wife. Don't begin your honeymoon by saying, "I'll getcheta move the suitcases over here." Later, when he comes home after his day's work, don't greet him with "I'll getcheta mend that gate," "I'll getcheta ship down to the shop," or "I'll getcheta peel the potatoes while I set the table." He'll probably do these tasks quite willingly, but pick your time to ask him. He certainly doesn't want to begin a piece of household drudgery the minute he walks in.

• "He never tells me anything," is a common cry. Some men are unreasonably reticent about their working life, but most of them will tell their problems when they're ready. Not before. You should know, if you have worked for your living, how difficult it is to explain one's work worries. And didn't you often wish to forget all about them when you shut your typewriter at five-thirty? The wise bride doesn't say, "What happened at the office today?" She waits to be told.

• This article aims at preventing early rifts in marriages, and those small psychological wounds which are so often unintentional but which leave scars that never really go away.

A HAPPY marriage — the "seamless union" between a man and his girl — just doesn't come ready-made. Both partners have to work at it with goodwill to each other, even when they are temperamentally and sexually compatible, and when there is enough money for a good start.

RULE ONE. Be a beautiful and happy bride. Don't be coy. Don't shed one tear.

THE wedding day has been preceded by weeks of excitement, parties, and presents, anxiety for the weather, dresses, flowers, and ceremonial details. And now the service and reception, speeches and congratulations, jokes and farewells are over. You are alone with your husband.

You meant to say something nice, something intimate between you. But suddenly the permanence of the partnership strikes you. You're tired, and don't feel quite as sure of yourself as you did. Without thinking you blurt out, "Maybe we shouldn't have got married," or, "Do you think we've made a mistake?"

Don't say anything of this kind. Your husband has also been through the trials of a wedding day. Also, he has put all his money and his future into this marriage.

He probably won't give you the sharp reply you deserve, but he'll feel dashed. Wound number one has been inflicted.

And don't burst into tears the minute you're alone. Many brides do, and many a bridegroom, on the tired side himself, and having had a heavy stag party the night before, wonders just what kind of a nit he has gone and married.

Some people have a wonderful honeymoon. For others, it is a hell of embarrassment and strain, of wishing it was over, and wishing they were more at ease.

Don't be one of the latter. Don't fail in sweetness and consideration for him.

It is natural that a girl's inexperience in sex may worry her privately, even though she has had instruction and read books on the subject. If she is deeply in love with him, so much the better, she is a lucky one.

But often a bride is not yet in love. It happens very often that she has been pushed, or at least angled, into marriage by parents, friends, or (in her heart) she knows she got married rather than stay single.

She wants to be a good wife, nevertheless.

And so she must overcome her nervousness with her own sweetness and goodwill to her husband — mindful that he, too, may be inexperienced and shy; as many a bridegroom is, though he'd never admit it, bless him.

Don't be anything but warm-hearted. If he's a little bit clumsy in love, don't notice. Don't say "Don't."

## OTHER DON'TS ON A HONEYMOON

Don't spend a long time fixing your hair. When your husband kisses you, don't immediately repair your make-up.

Don't get in a tizzy because everybody, but everybody, can spot a honeymoon couple. And does. And says so. (All you have to do is be happy and smile.)

Don't wear orange, red, mauve, or brown on the first day of your honeymoon — unless he is an artist or architect. You could wear pink, cream, or green. But the color he really likes is blue.

If he happens to put his arm around you in public, don't push it away.

Don't be uppity or cold if he makes loving advances to you at a time when you don't expect them. Don't be anything but pleased about his love for you.

Don't laugh when you first see him in pyjamas. Don't say, "I didn't know you had such big ears (feet, nose). I didn't know you were knock-kneed (bandy, going bald)." Don't look at him quizzically.

Don't tease him for having (a) curly hair, (b) long eyelashes, (c) a little-boy look. If he has any of these things, his mother will have been going on about it for years.

Don't complain about the weather. Always look as pretty as you can.

Don't borrow his comb, his razor, his watch, or pens unless he offers them.

The chances are that on your honeymoon you'll learn a lot about your husband that you didn't know before. Cultivate the habit of being with his way of thinking. Don't put yourself forward as a separate personality, an intrusion, or even a jarring note in his world. Don't say things like:

- "We can't afford it."
- "You'll have to get a haircut."
- "I don't like your mother." (It's very awkward for him if you don't.)
- "Your mother doesn't like me." (This makes him feel guilty.)

Go along with his little habits — whether he squeezes the toothpaste from the middle or the base, likes the window open, half-open, or shut, gets up early or late.

But don't let him hog the blankets — you'll only catch cold.

When the honeymoon is over, don't come entirely down to earth. But do remember that the practical things of everyday life have to be attended to.

Don't let any rift arise with his mother. Don't be offended if she advises you to change your kitchen round, tells you what to cook, or remarks that she hopes your children have John's hair and eyes.

Don't find fault with his relatives or friends. Make them welcome. But don't discuss your husband or your marriage with any of them. Never say anything disparaging about your husband to anybody.

NEVER mention a former fiancé or boyfriend, and NEVER seek the company of either, even at a party.

Don't be lazy. Get up early and cheerfully. (But don't disturb him if he's asleep!)

Don't keep asking him if he still loves you. He does, but he doesn't want to be forever answering the question. If by any chance he doesn't love you, you'll know soon enough.

By MARION MALONE



Don't be conceited. If you are clever, don't imagine that this is what your husband loves you for. It isn't.

If you are beautiful, don't get the idea that he'll love you for that, either. He won't. (But it may help.) Nor will he love you for being good, kind, faithful, a good cook, good housekeeper, or good hostess. (Though you'd better be all these things.)

If you are rich, he may borrow money from you, but he won't love you for that, either.

But if he continues to think of you as his girl, his sweetheart, his friend, confidant, helpmeet, the person with whom he is happy and at ease, the very person he just happens to want around, then he'll love you.

You may never know just why he picked you out. But it is likely to be something you couldn't help, anyway, or were quite unaware of — the way you turn your head, or laugh, something about your eyes, nose, waistline, or neck.

Don't try to find out. You'll only become conscious of that particular attribute, which would spoil the whole thing.

You should be the one person with whom he can let down his guard — no longer pretending to be tough, successful, assured — knowing that you won't laugh or ever cast back at him his weaknesses, doubts, or mistakes.

If you give up your job:

• Don't regret your past salary and the good times you had at the office. Don't say, "I gave up everything to get married." Remember, he gave up quite a bit, too — his freedom, his income, and some of the good times he had.

• If he has provided you with a house, don't find fault with it. If he has bought furniture, don't find fault with that.

• Always see that he goes to work well fed and well dressed each day.

• Always be nice to everybody — apart from being good behaviour, this gives your husband a well-thought-of background and creates a special niche for him in your community. And it's easy to be pleasant if you haven't too much to do.

• Don't mope about all afternoon waiting for him to come home so that you can unload your grievances the minute he walks in. There's nothing he hates more than that situation.

If you continue your job, which is the modern trend for brides (and you may have to, or you may want to):

• Don't get overtired trying to do a second full-time job housekeeping and cooking. Get help, or let some things slide. Otherwise your sparkle wears off.

• Don't entertain so much that you never have the flat to yourselves.

• In your enthusiasm for paying off the furniture, don't neglect your need to budget for with-it make-up, hair-dos, and clothes, or you'll soon become dowdy.

• Don't fritter the joint income. But don't be lousy, either.

• Don't forget to keep a shopping list. Men get mad if you run out of toothpaste, snack ingredients, light-bulbs, nails, etc.

## WIVES MUSTN'T HAVE ILLS!

Don't neglect your health. It's hard for a sick person to maintain happiness or exude it.

It goes without saying, in this seamless garment of union you are weaving, that you see each other through if illness strikes.

But don't acquire the largely avoidable ills like colds, cuts, overweight, ingrown toenails, bad teeth, constipation, bunions, sunburn. None are worth having.

Don't neglect his health, either.

And don't think men are always strong, silent, and brave. When they cut a finger, or bruise a leg, make a fuss.

Finally, don't talk too much, or too little. Don't interrupt his stories.

And don't nag.



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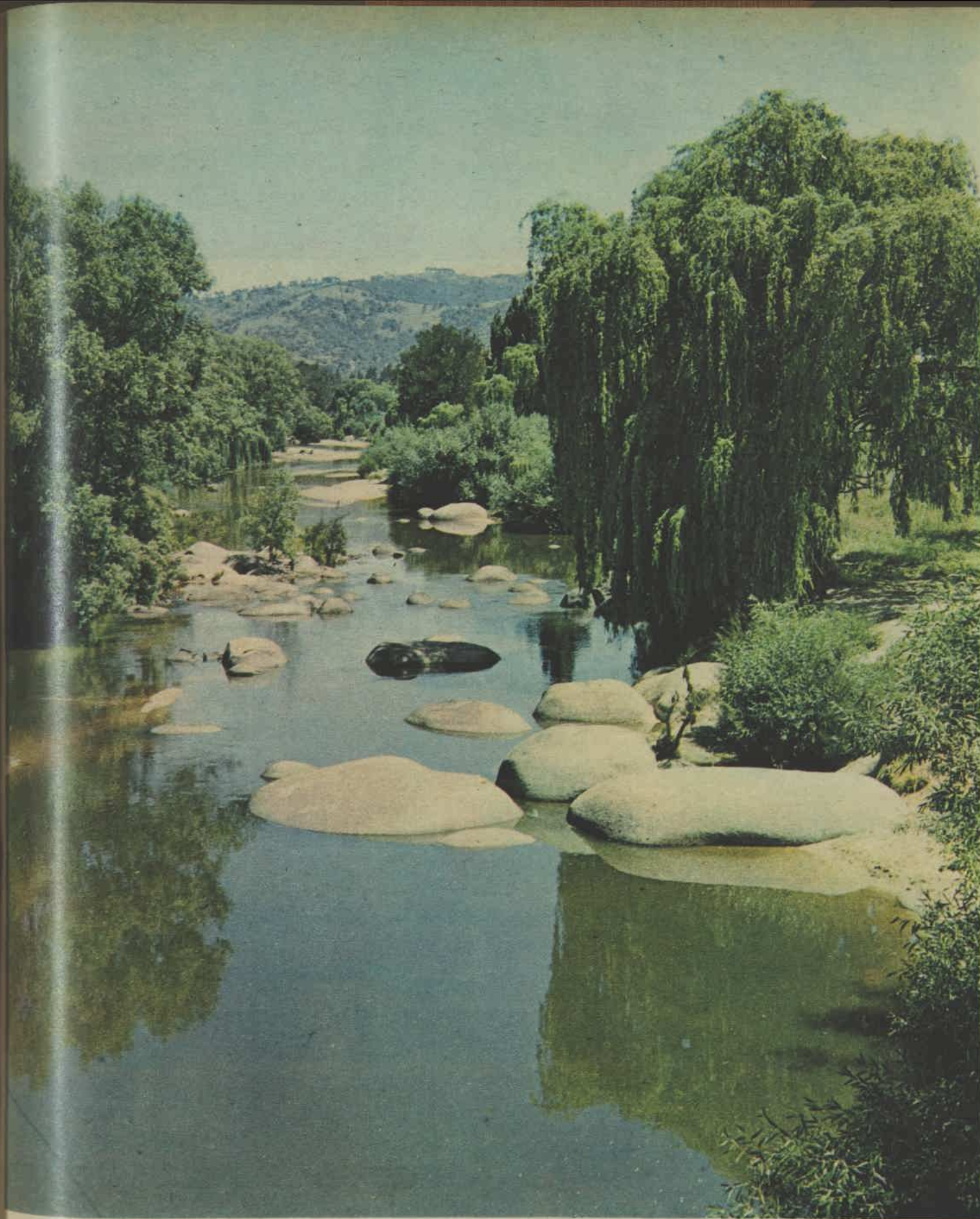


BAKED OVEN-CRISP BY



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## UP IN THE THUNDERBOLT COUNTRY

● Willows hang low and water-washed stones as smooth as seals reflect in the Macdonald River at Bendemeer, northern New South Wales. It's a swimming-pool and trout stream for the town's 550 inhabitants, a refreshing stop for travellers on a hot, dry, summer day after they've crossed the 3250ft. Moonbi Ranges between Tamworth and Armidale on the New England Highway. The river was also a favorite haunt and watering place of one Fred Ward — better known as Thunderbolt, the bushranger.

## BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

—Picture by Eric Ray, of Sydney.





# "APPLE"



● "Apple's" front entrance with, naturally enough, an outside apple hanging above it. The Beatles want shops throughout the world, including Australia.



● Psychedelic exterior of the "Apple" caused an uproar among conservative residents of Baker Street. The local council said the paintings must go, but the Beatles argued, and they remain.

PICTURES BY DAVID GRAVES

● Peter Shotton, left, "Apple's" managing director, aged 26, who went to school with John Lennon in Liverpool; they have been friends ever since.

● The Beatles' shop is not exclusively fashion. At right are some dolls of John Lennon's which fans are eagerly buying for about £7/7/- sterling.





# The latest in BEATLEMANIA

## The Beatles' boutique has become London's new tourist attraction

By  
**CAMILLA BEACH,**  
in London

IN a blaze of television cameras, champagne, clowns, and, of course, eating-apples, the Beatles' two-floor boutique in London's Baker Street was recently thrown open to an eager public.

Besides being a showcase shop for the type of thing the Beatles like best, "Apple" is, to quote Paul McCartney, "the core of our future business enterprises."

For the four young pop millionaires want to sow "Apple" seeds all over the world — including Australia. "Apple" may change the Beatles' image from talented songwriters, musicians, and singers to successful store magnates.

But, at the same time, the Merseyside foursome are launching a new entertainment industry all of their own.

"Apple" is just a little fruit on a big tree: the Apple Publishing Company.

Soon there will be an "Apple" record label; already there are "Apple" pop stars, and other additions in the not-too-

distant future are "Apple" songs and "Apple" films.

Judging by the interest taken in the "Apple" boutique's opening, the name "Apple" may shortly become a household word (and not just refer to those round, juicy fruits in the dessert bowl).

The launching of the Beatles' new "baby" was not without teething troubles.

For three days before the premiere, frozen hippie painters perched perilously on scaffolding high up outside the building, painting in luminous psychedelia.

They worked on through the nights, encouraged with steaming cups of tea and coffee, to meet the deadline.

And when all was done, the neighbors in the usually respectable and subdued area complained.

The local council said the painting must go. The Beatles argued.

It stayed for the opening and is still there — attracting almost as many visitors as the National Gallery.

The clothes there are designed by "The Fool" (a name taken from the joker in tarot cards) who are four Beautiful People.

Their mode of dress, wildly colorful, romantic, and often resembling an organised patchwork quilt, drew envious looks from Beatle wives Cynthia and Pattie.

So "The Fool" made them some outfits, and by the time the Maharishi barnstormed Britain, Mrs. Lennon and Mrs. Harrison were already dressed for the part.

"The Fool's" exotic clothes are linked with the young generation's love cult, they explain. But they are not followers of the Maharishi.

"Our ideas are based on love," said 28-year-old Dutchman Simon Posthuma, the eldest of the group.

But the Beatles do not intend to draw their shop's fashion designs exclusively from "The Fool."

Already expansions — and with it designs — are in the pipeline.

The Beatles' first takeover in their expansion program was Australian John Crittle's shop, "Dandie Fashions," in the King's Road.

In the past two years Crittle — now an "Apple" director with his partner, John Scott — has made many outfits for the Beatles.

But even his off-the-peg clothes were expensive compared with "Apple's" prices, which suit most wage-packets.

"John Crittle will now produce the more exclusive clothes for us," said "Apple's" managing director, 26-year-old Peter Shotton.

Peter Shotton has known John Lennon since they were both six years old.

They grew up together in Liverpool, stayed friends while John became a pop idol and Peter began in the clothing industry.

So it was natural that when John Lennon and George Harrison "set up shop" (a supermarket and a men's clothing store) in Hampshire, they asked Peter to manage their business.

"I ran the shops for three years," said Peter, who still retains his Merseyside accent.

"Then nine months ago the Beatles decided they wanted to do something new and different, so they created the Apple Publishing Company to cater for creativity — from music to filming to retailing to manufacturing to designing."

Although offices for the Apple Publishing Company (in which the Beatles are 100 percent shareholders) are not yet completed, the wheels are already in motion to make it a prosperous company.

"Grapefruit," the first pop group to be signed to contract by the Beatles, have their first disc on release.

Leading this new group is Easybeat George Young's elder brother—who calls himself George Alexander.

The Beatles obviously want to surround themselves with talented young people. And with their unlimited funds they are doing just that, beginning with "Apple."

● Handshake greeting for "Apple" customers.



● "Turkish Delight," designed by "The Fool" and modelled by Jenny Boyd, sister of Patti Boyd, who is married to Beatle George Harrison.



● Maxi-skirted pirate outfit modelled by Jenny Boyd. The designers say their exotic clothes are linked with the young generation's love cult.

● Mural on the interior wall of the boutique was designed by "The Fool"—the name taken by four Beautiful People who design clothes for "Apple."





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# TWO DAYS WITH THE WILD ANIMALS

By BETTY GRIFFIN

VISITING my married daughter in South Africa recently, we spent two days in Kruger National Park. As it was holiday-time, we were unable to book accommodation, and on the first night we were forced to camp outside the gates of the reserve.

My son-in-law had prepared for this contingency by borrowing a tent. We erected it in the only clear spot, surrounded by high elephant grass, but when I found a six-foot snakeskin nearby I decided to sleep in the car, not knowing just how far away the former occupant of the skin might be.

My daughter reluctantly agreed to sleep in the tent with her husband, Eugene, until we espied a spider as big as a dinner-plate wandering toward the tent. She and I and her girl-friend spent the night uncomfortably, but safely, in the car, while the valiant Eugene insisted on occupying the tent alone, where he was attacked by ticks — he later suffered a bout of tickle fever.

At 3 a.m. we took up our place in the long queue of cars. Once through the gates, and armed with our permit and car number (in case we disappeared), we headed for Pretoria-camp, the nearest rest camp.

Now I saw my first African dawn — vast skies flooded with fiery red, against which the crooked shapes of acacia trees and jungle bush stood out in stark relief; strange bird calls and animal sounds added to the atmosphere of primal life.

Down the road ahead of us a baby zebra was trotting along, quite unconcerned with the slow-moving cars. He looked like a clockwork toy, and we would have liked to take him with us, especially when Eugene remarked that his mother had probably been killed by a lion and that would almost certainly be his fate, too, if he did not soon find the protection of a herd of his fellows.

Not far from the entrance to the rest camp the carcass of a buffalo lay beside the road; the entrails had been torn out by the carnivore which had killed it, and the remains would soon be the prey of hyenas and vultures.

For the first time I realised that this was life in the raw and not a zoo with keepers who fed the animals at regular intervals. Here it was kill or be killed, and the ancient law of survival of the fittest prevailed. Eugene reminded me that the law of nature had a certain pattern of order and justice, in its full cycle.

## Comforts, too

If the hunting animals did not kill the surplus buck, zebra, and other herbivorous creatures, then there would not be enough grass to keep the great herds alive; also a number of creatures depended for their sustenance on the lions' kills — the hyenas, jackals, and vultures which moved in for their share when the lord of the jungle had his fill.

The rest camp, which was very attractively laid out with lawns and shrubs surrounding the picturesque rondavels, gave very comfortable accommodation at about a dollar a

night. There was a licensed restaurant, a well-stocked self-service store, and sewerage toilet blocks; also barbecues and fireplaces where campers could cook their own meals, and obliging native servants who would do this chore for you for 20 cents or so.

One of these natives attached himself to Eugene, whom he obviously considered to be a Bwana of some importance as he had two cars and three wives — two young ones (my daughter and her friend, and one old one, me).

We were warned that we might not see much game, as it had been a very wet season and the grass was high. But next day we hadn't gone far when I saw a shape at the side of the road and excitedly screamed, "There's a tiger," regardless of the fact that this animal doesn't exist in Africa.

It was, in fact, a cheetah, a large, beautiful male. He stared at us like a big cat while we photographed him, then disappeared into the bushes.

Farther on, a tribe of baboons were playing on the road, mothers with babies clinging to their backs like miniature jockeys, while the mothers swung through the trees, performing incredible acrobatics. Some of the males jumped up on to the bonnet of the car, looking for tibbits.

In the clearing nearby was a large herd of impala deer, pretty Bambi-like creatures with satiny coats and ever-flicking ears and tails. The impala and the baboons often move around together, in friendly alliance against the carnivora. Next we saw a herd of zebras, and I was surprised to see the many different varieties of stripes and colorings.

## Car attacked

The next rest camp, Scucusa, which is the largest one, has, in addition to the usual facilities, a most interesting museum and souvenir shop. We had a good four-course meal there for 80 cents, as the restaurants are under Government control and prices are moderate. The rest camps are a necessity, as it is not permitted to leave your car at all while driving through the reserve.

Even if you stay in the car there are often dangerous incidents. One occurred just after we left, when a large bull elephant attacked and almost destroyed a Volkswagen, desisting just in time to allow the two scared occupants to drive the battered vehicle to the nearest camp.

The only place where you are allowed to get out of your car is at the Hippo Pool, which was our next stop. Here, an armed, uniformed native guide escorts you down a bushy track to the wide, sluggish grey river, where many hippopotamuses disport themselves and occasionally surface to oblige photographers.

In my anxiety to get a good camera shot I went very close to the river bank, but when the guide warned me that there were crocodiles lurking there I jumped hastily backward and decided to forgo a close-up.

Next day we drove south to Lower Sabi Camp, and came across a family of giraffes, which, I think, are the most beautiful and graceful creatures we saw. Unlike some zoo giraffes, which often look a bit moth-eaten, these creatures had glossy coats in various hues, with their bird companions placidly perched on their necks and backs.

They were not at all timid and came on to the road to give our car a good scrutiny. When they decided to move on, their undulating canter was a poem in motion. These are the animals which, like the rhinoceroses, lend an eerie, prehistoric character to the landscape when seen in their natural state.

Round the next bend several cars were pulled up beside the road and we decided that only one animal could arouse such concentrated interest.

## Playful lion

We were lucky—there was a pride of lions in the grass not far from the road. They had apparently eaten well and were enjoying a rest. One of them was rolling over and playing like a big kitten, and they looked so harmless that many people clambered up on to car roofs to take better pictures.

It was amusing to see the sudden scramble back into the cars when two of the lions stood up and walked purposefully toward us. The lions, like all other creatures in their natural state, were magnificently sleek and glossy, quite different from some of their brothers in captivity.

When we drove off we suddenly realised that, in our preoccupation with spotting game, we had forgotten to buy petrol, and the gauge looked alarmingly low. Eugene said that, with a bit of luck, we'd make it to the rest camp, but just then a passing motorist yelled that if we wanted to see an elephant there was a fine specimen a mile or so away in the other direction.

Eugene drove furiously until we found the elephant, a large, ferocious-looking bull, a few feet from the road, flapping his huge African ears. The two other cars there had their engines revving ready for a quick getaway in case of trouble, but at that moment our petrol gave out and the engine stopped.

After a few minutes the elephant decided he'd had enough of us and lumbered off into the jungle. We managed to borrow some petrol from another car, and reached the camp in safety.

On our way out of the Kruger that evening there were two incidents which remain in my memory. One was the beautiful sight of 25 giraffes, all ages and sizes, gathered at a water-hole to drink. They made an unforgettable scene, silhouetted against the evening sky, their long necks mirrored in the water as they bent to drink.

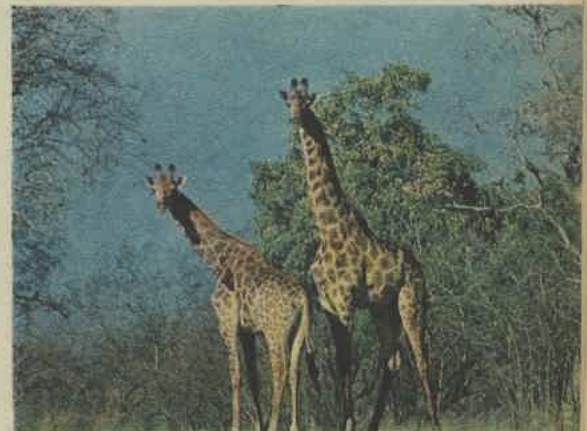
The other incident was the struggle we had to induce Eugene to remain in the car when it was evident that there had been a kill in the nearby bush. Hyenas and jackals were slinking through the trees, vultures circled overhead, and low growls denoted the presence of lions. By this time we females had had our fill of life in the raw, and were anxious to get back to the safety of civilisation.



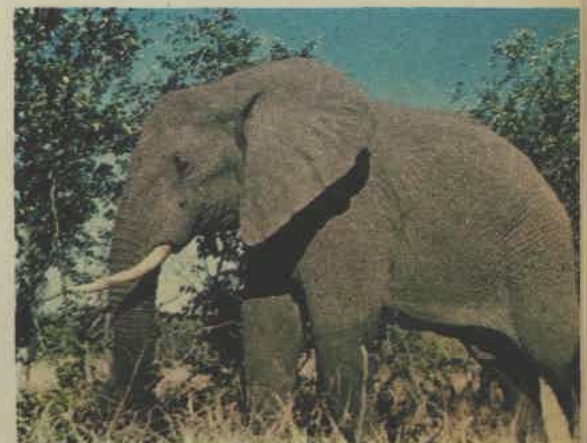
● A baboon on the car bonnet asked for food (you mustn't give any).



● The writer outside one of the huts in a Kruger Park rest camp.



● Giraffes were "the most beautiful of all the animals we saw."



● A big bull elephant photographed at the side of the road in the park.



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# DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● This blouson overblouse and straight-cut pants are chosen for a young reader who lives in Victoria. Part of her letter and my reply are published below.

"Could you let me have a pattern for a pair of pants darted at the waist and some sort of soft overblouse with long sleeves? I only take a 31in. bust size, so softness is becoming to my figure." The design I have chosen for you is illustrated below. The blouson overblouse has all-length sleeves and

banding at the square neckline and hem. The pants are darted. Included in the pattern, but not illustrated, is a street-length skirt, with front gathers and a darted back. Beside the illustration are how-to-order details.

"I have a flame crepe evening dress and wondered what color would be correct for shoes to wear with it."

Buy white satin shoes and have them dyed the same flame as the dress.

"I am being a bridesmaid next month and am wearing an Empire-line pink silk dress. I wear my straight, fair hair shoulder-length and do not want it put up. Could you suggest some way to make it look glamorous for the occasion?"

Part your hair in the middle and wear it caught up each side of your face with a small posy of pink flowers or with pink bows.

"My dressmaker is making me a royal-blue chiffon evening blouse and I would like your ideas on the trim."

A self-ruffle would be a new and pretty trim for a chiffon evening blouse. By the way, the newest way to wear a blouse is neatly tucked into the skirt and the skirt circled with a belt or sash.

"What type of country footwear should I wear with a camel coat?"

My choice would be above-ankle boots.

"Is a street-length evening frock still being worn? My husband and I have been invited to an after-dinner function and the invitation says 'formal.' We would like your opinion on the correct attire."

For such an occasion, I suggest you wear a floor-length dress and gloves. Your husband will be correctly dressed in a dinner suit and black tie.

"I am looking for a basic pattern for an A-line dress with cut-away armholes and neckline variations. I take a size 38in. bust."

Our pattern department has a basic pattern for an A-line dress. The neck variations include round, square neckline, bias turnover collar, and shaped rolled collar. To order, quote Vogue pattern 1756, the price 85c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

4347.—Overblouse, skirt, and pants in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 4347, the price 70c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



## Firestone announces the newest development in sleeping comfort Cloudfoam mattresses and bases

Cloudfoam "Royal Prestige" (illustrated)—strictly for those who put comfort first. Elegant, quilted top styling, "Royal Prestige" is a luxurious latex foam rubber mattress atop a big, fully sprung matching base. Holds and distributes your body weight evenly, gently for the most relaxing, restful sleep.

"Royal Prestige," with its self-ventilating foam, ensures a constant comfortable sleeping temperature always... warm in winter... cool in summer.

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"Honestly, for comfort, for elegance, Cloudfoam is the best \*mattress you can buy"



\*LATEX RUBBER FOAM



Secret of Cloudfoam's comfort

Illustrated at left is a cross-section of Cloudfoam's reversible latex foam rubber.

This breathing foam (built into every Cloudfoam mattress) cleverly self-ventilates to guarantee you a constant sleeping temperature all year round... warm in winter, refreshingly cool in summer. What's more, Cloudfoam's pure new latex rubber foam is completely allergy free.

Cloudfoam... Internationally famous style by Firestone Australia Pty. Limited

Page 37





## Breck. Quite unlike any other shampoo.

Most shampoos today are basically synthetic detergents. In the process of cleaning your hair they can strip away the natural, healthy oils which make your hair manageable, and shiny.

Breck does not have a synthetic detergent base. Breck leaves your hair superbly well-behaved; easy to manage, even though just washed. *Soft*, and as shiny as a hundred healthful brush strokes.

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BRECK CREME RINSE to condition your hair *naturally*; to eliminate snarls and tangles when wet, to add extra body, when dry.

BRECK HAIR SET MIST in a fine *filtered* formula to hold even the softest hair and styles . . . *naturally*.

Chemists and  
department stores only.



The Breck Hair Care Trio  
for beautiful hair



HOUSE of the WEEK

## CHARMS AND PROBLEMS OF TERRACE HOME

● Terrace houses have their charms — and problems — as singer Elsa Haas found when she moved into hers in Parkville, Vic. One problem was how to fit her grand piano into a 12ft.-square living-room, another to make a 3ft.-wide kitchen work.

Continued overleaf



Frontage of Miss Elsa Haas' terrace house in Parkville, Victoria, measures only 15ft. Wedgwood tiles, set into pebbled surface of tiny veranda, came from St. Mary's Church, Sunbury, and the cast-iron fence from Clarendon House, East Melbourne (built in 1880).



Sitting-room was enlarged to accommodate Miss Haas' piano by removing wall of adjoining room. Space-saving units at right, built to her design, store books in glass-fronted upper sections and music in the cupboards beneath.



## HOUSE of the WEEK . . . continued

THE tiny 80-year-old terrace house in the Melbourne suburb of Parkville appealed enormously to singer Elsa Haas when she first saw it. But its smallness created problems. With a frontage of only 15 feet, the house had very small rooms — the sitting-room, for example, measured 12ft. by 12ft. — and Miss Haas had a grand piano.

To accommodate the piano the sitting-room was enlarged by removing one wall and combining it with an adjoining room.

The kitchen, too, was small. Measuring 18ft. by 3ft., it was hardly more than a passage, but Miss Haas has utilised every inch to make it workable. To give an illusion of space, the refrigerator, sink, and stove are placed side by side along one wall. Also along this wall, and next to the stove, is a long work counter and storage cupboards.

The opposite wall in the kitchen has been left completely free except for two fold-down tables which Miss Haas uses when cooking or entertaining. A large archway cut into this wall, through to the sitting-room, provides a snack bar.

Miss Haas finds her terrace home the perfect size for one person. In addition to the sitting-room there are two bedrooms off the long hall.

A feature of the exterior is the beautiful cast-iron fence which came from Clarendon House, East Melbourne (built in 1880), and is just right for the little terrace house of the same vintage. The front veranda has colorful Wedgwood tiles, given to Miss Haas by the vicar of St. Mary's Church, Sunbury, Victoria, set into its pebbled surface.

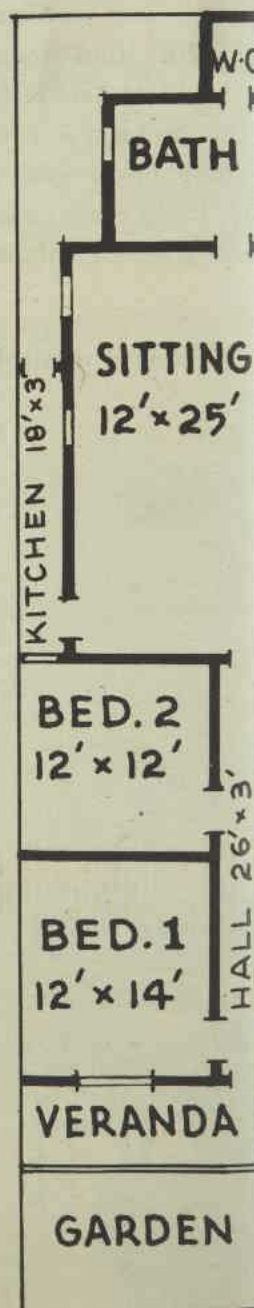
—Beverley Cooper

Narrow kitchen is hardly more than a passage, but is compact and hard-working with the entire right wall utilised for equipment and storage. Fold-down tables on left wall provide useful work areas, keep floor clear.

Curved arch, typical of terrace houses of 80 years ago, is a graceful feature of the high-ceilinged hallway which is 26ft. long and 3ft. wide. Light colors of walls and ceilings offset lack of windows.

Archway was cut in the wall between the kitchen and the sitting-room to make this convenient bar and servery which also allows Miss Haas to talk to dinner guests while in the kitchen.

Pictures by Les Gorrie







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in the life of  
a woman  
who knits?**

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for the garden is an  
individual thing, and  
what suits one garden  
may look out of place in  
another, or even look out  
of place in a different  
part of the same garden.

Despite this flexibility,  
it is best to exercise  
restraint.

Some gardens are pri-  
marily a collection of  
ornaments and containers, but usually  
the most harmonious effect comes when  
ornaments are more subtle. Use them as

**CHARMING** ornamental bird bath would  
lend beauty to a garden corner.

By **ALLAN SEALE**

a focal point or feature, but don't let  
them dominate the picture.

It is tempting to place a beautiful item

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in the most conspicuous part of the  
garden, but it has greater charm when  
partly secluded, so that you happen on it  
unexpectedly.

The ornament also needs to look as  
though it belongs. Thus, an upright  
figure is usually more in keeping if it  
appears to be wandering between low  
shrubby, or standing under a tree.

Reclining figures such as the delightful  
sandstone child with thorn in foot or  
child with book could sit on a stone or  
pool edge, where they look in place.

Graceful cast-iron ibis or cranes are  
best near the edge of a pool, among a  
few natural rocks, with a background of  
reedy growth such as iris, umbrella  
grass, or miniature bamboo.

A figure on a definite base is more  
united with the garden if this base is at  
least partly covered with fairly per-  
manent growth such as pin-oak ivy,  
Ficus minima, Cotoneaster horizontalis,  
or small clipped box (box).

Ophiopogon or liriopoe make compact  
clumps of small, reed-like foliage about  
1ft. high, to accompany ornaments two  
to three times their height.

Always cover the soil around the base  
of an ornament, to set off its appearance  
and to stop dirt splashing during heavy  
rain or watering. Use gravel, flagging,  
ground-cover plants, or a combination.

**Bird Baths.** Place a bird bath where  
you can enjoy watching the visiting  
birds, away from a busy path.

If in the lawn it will look more  
interesting off-centre and toward one

corner. A few flags around it, flush with  
the lawn, will solve mowing problems.

The best bird-bath site is the fore-  
ground of a garden partly overhung by  
a light-foliaged tree or shrub, where it  
attracts a greater range of birds and  
blends best with the garden. (Use a  
ground cover of moisture-loving ajuga,  
gravel, or flagging to conceal overflow.)  
A low bath could go on a bed of gravel  
below a garden tap camouflaged by  
umbrella grass or evergreen iris.

**Plant Containers.** Most containers are  
designed to display plants and provide  
color and variety of growth where cul-  
tivation is difficult, or in paved areas.

Other containers are beautiful in shape  
and add form to the garden. This kind  
shouldn't be dominated by the plant.

A squat, decorative urn would need no  
more than Californian ivy, cerastium,  
rhynchospermum, or other light growth  
slightly spilling from it. Taller urns with  
graceful lines usually look best planted  
with comparatively light, wispy growth  
such as the dissectum maple, fuchsia,  
etc. These should spill over irregularly  
without masking the container's shape.

Containers in neutral shades are always  
safe. A natural stone finish looks right  
in any setting and accentuates the  
colors of surrounding flowers.

Japanese garden ornaments include  
stone lanterns, squat plant containers,  
and bridges. Avoid overdressing; re-  
straint is a must in a Japanese garden.

A bridge only a couple of feet long  
can be a charming garden adornment.

The pool it spans need not be large but  
should be elongated, the end near the  
bridge curving to disappear behind a  
mound of earth or low shrubbery, to give  
a more realistic setting. Stepping stones  
can lead to and from the bridge.

**Natural Ornaments.** Natural orna-  
ments include weathered rocks, drift-  
wood, shells, gnarled stumps, or even a  
log placed as a seat.

Pictures taken at Green Fingers Nursery,  
Mona Vale, N.S.W., by staff photog-  
rapher Ron Berg

**QUAINT** black pottery frog adds a  
touch of fun among the flowers.

**Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 227**



**Cut out and paste in an exercise book**





# Hand-knits in Patons new Sugar'n Spice

**look like  
'all that's nice'  
in them!**

Sugar 'n Spice – one plain colour, one spiced with colour: two to go-together perfectly. Each plain has its partner in white-flecked-with-colour – you can use them together or separately. Sugar 'n Spice is all pure Orlon, with all pure Orlon's easy-care ways. And it comes in designs for both women and children in styles both pretty and practical. It's new in the life of the woman who knits: Patons Sugar 'n Spice!



**NEW  
FROM  
PATONS:  
SUGAR'N  
SPICE!**

**Patons**

FROM PATONS BOOK 849





## A SENSE OF SPACE

An unusual story of love and loneliness, one side told by the husband and the other by his wife.

### The man is my geography

**A**LL my life I have had a longing, though I hate using such a self-conscious word, for space. When I was small, and my mother sat me on a rug in the middle of the lawn with my toys, that rug was too little, those toys too confining. She told me that I would crawl off to the end of the lawn and lose myself in the shrubbery. Regularly she brought me back, and regularly I set off in another direction. As I grew older I reached the fence beyond the trees, and climbed it. A spider web of roads wove out from our house, and I wove along with a different road each time. People brought me back in milk vans, lorries, private cars, and by hand; bawling my head off. But I always started out again. The older I was the farther I went. I explored as much and as far as I could.

Fortunately my father understood this, though he was a quiet man bonded to his own home. He sent me off to various camps, from Scotland to Cornwall. In time my mother added another two children to the family, and her worries about me were divided. I never ran away from home to escape them. I was never unhappy. But I had to have this sense of space, of distance, before I could breathe to the bottom of my lungs; before I could feel that I was truly alive.

To page 48

By JEAN STUBBS



# Hand-knits in Patons sparkly new Venus

## Turn on the night in them!

Go on! Glint a little. Shed a little shimmer as you go. Venus is pure new wool sparkled with Lurex. All glimmer. All glamour. Pretty special. You can knit sparkly Venus into snug little tops. Or crochet it into a dress that looks like a mesh of moonbeams. Venus is hand-washable and Patonised to resist shrinking. It's new in the life of the woman who knits: Patons Venus.



NEW  
FROM  
PATONS:  
VENUS!

**Patons**

FROM PATONS BOOK 853.

PSB1A





Pencils are for writing.



"Buds" are for ears.



These flexible JOHNSON'S Cotton Buds clean ears. They do it conveniently, and they do it safely — because the stem is flexible and the cotton cannot come off. (And at 26 cents for 50 and 47 cents for 100, they also do it economically.) So use a bud.

Johnson & Johnson

## A SENSE OF SPACE — THE MAN IS MY GEOGRAPHY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

At sixteen they gave me ten pounds, a passport, and a companion of my own age, and I crossed the Channel. We were away for six weeks. We hitched our way down to the Spanish frontier, and worked back. When the money ran out we earned more. No job was too rough for us. I knew then that I should never settle down anywhere as small as England. I wanted the entire world, and a pair of good boots. But I was never one of these Johnny-head-in-the-air types. I knew I would have to make money in order to travel. The problem was to find something I liked which would hitch on to the wanderlust bit.

MY headmaster sent for me, the September I got back from France. He looked over the top of his glasses and came straight to the point.

"Purdy," he said, "you're an intelligent chap with an itch in your feet. I take it you have to cover as much ground as possible?"

"Yes, sir," I said, folding my hands between my knees.

I was wary, because you never know how the adult world is going to tackle you, or about what.

"Splendid," he said.

Dry old stick, never been farther than Brighton, but no fool.

"Well, in that case," he went on, "I suggest that you add another sense of direction to the one you already possess in abundance, Purdy. In order to explore the horizontal you might earn your passage by delving into the vertical."

He snuffled at this private joke. Very pleased with himself.

"Sir?" I said.

"Geology, Purdy, geology. You can't just tramp heedlessly over the earth. Get to know it. Stop a bit, and pick it up. Chip bits off its rocks. Look into them. The earth has been here a long time, Purdy. Far longer than the race of man."

He picked up a polished pebble which he used as a paperweight.

"Take a look at this," he said, and leaned back to pivot on the chair.

I humored him. The pebble felt cool and heavy.

"Seen one of these works of art before, Purdy?"

"Yes, sir," I said, and then, "not exactly, sir."

"Seen but not observed, Purdy, eh?"

"That's about it, sir."

It was as fine and crazy a creation as ever I saw. Delicately veined. Subtly colored.

"Quite unique, Purdy," he said, grinning away and pivoting.

"Sir? Valuable, sir?"

"What do you mean by valuable?"

"Worth a lot of money, sir?"

"Oh, no, my dear fellow. Worth very little in money. Worth whatever you care to name as a lump of individually created art. We don't call the Almighty a 'maker' for nothing, you know. He's quite the most prolific and artistic force ever known. Never repeats a pattern, and hits the jackpot with every one."

And he snuffled again, pleased with this remark, too.

I stared, and turned the pebble, and weighed it in my hand. The colors changed with the light from the study window. It grew warmer as I held it. He was watching me.

"Geology, you think, sir?"

"Why, yes I do, Purdy. Do you know that big firms actually pay a fellow like yourself to walk about the four corners of the world, provided he can chip off a bit of rock here and there, and tell them what he thinks about it?"

I took a quick look to see if he was joking. He was dead serious.

"The art master tells me you have a good eye and a light hand. Your science is well above average. And, as I say, you'll find out what you're walking on and looking at, and be very well paid for it."

I handed back the pebble, thinking, and he plonked it back on its pile of papers.

"Think it over, Purdy," he said. "You'll need chemistry and physics at A-level, and maths, before you get a university place. And don't imagine that they'll hand you a degree on a silver platter. You'll have to work very hard to get a First."

"A First, sir?"

He opened his eyes very bland and wide, and his glasses slid gently to the end of his nose.

"You want to be able to pick and choose where you go, don't you, Purdy? Well, a First-Class Honors gives you a very big choice."

He was beyond me in the thinking field, and then I clicked. I can always see something a long way off. It's the little close things that puzzle me. And suddenly I saw myself on a vast plain, solitary in the sun, walking on and on. Chipping and looking and walking. By myself. For ever and ever.

"Sir."

"Yes, Purdy?"

"I'll do it, sir."

"Good for you," he said, calm as a pond on a hot day. "I know you can. Just a question of making your mind up. Send in Roper, now, will you? I believe he's next for the block."

He snuffled quietly to himself, and I nearly forgot to say thank you, on the way out. I was so excited.

What he told me was true. I'd covered the ground horizontally, but not vertically. I suppose I worked like the devil for the next few years, but I hardly noticed. The more I found out the more I wanted to know. We went all over the place in the holidays, to study rock formations. Arran, Jersey, Pembroke, Devon. Just name it, I've chipped at it. The drawings mounted up. My mother was so proud of them that she used to bring them out to show visitors.

"Why, Clay," they said, "you ought to be an artist."

Clay is short for Clayton, which was my mother's maiden name. An artist. I was always polite because they meant it kindly. But who the hell wants to sit in a stuffy room painting his head off? I wanted outside. Those drawings were real. The degree hardly fell into my pocket, of course. Physics was never a great love of mine, and I found Chemistry niggling at times, but they were necessary and I did them. I got my First, my passport to the world, to space. And then I met Kath.

I had had no time for girls. They never entered any of my plans for the future. They fuss about little things, no wider vision if you understand me. My room-mate at the university was a great boy for the girls, and he told me a lot about them. He was a walking dictionary full of female facts. They seemed as complex as anything in creation, and a lot more trouble.

To page 50

(Advertisement)

Dear Polly,

My hair is so ordinary — just mousy dark brown — and I'd love to change it. But I've heard that some hair colourings leave your hair dry and brittle.

Go ahead and change the colour of your hair. Polycolor Cream Shampoo Hair Colouring is very simple to use — just like an ordinary shampoo — and it actually conditions your hair as it adds colour; leaves it soft and shining with health. For you I recommend Polycolor No. 24 Dark Brown to add rich brown highlights. No need to worry about results either. Polycolor is mistake-proof!

I'm 21 and love playing sport. But I find that my hair is always very dry and coarse from the sun and wind. Is there a really good conditioner I could use?

Outdoor girls often find that ordinary conditioners aren't enough. So I recommend Polycolor. It's a "deep action" conditioner containing the Cholesterol, Lecithin, Lanoline and vitamins which your hair needs. Exposure to harsh sun, wind and salt air strips the hair of the natural conditioners which give it life and sheen. However, regular treatment with Polycolor will restore suppleness and natural shine to your hair — and you can still enjoy your sports.

I often use setting lotions after I've washed my hair. But they seem to dull my hair — sometimes they even leave 'flakes'. There's no problem if you use Polycolor Hair Setting Lotion. Polycolor not only holds your hair but adds a natural shine and gloss. No dulling or flaking — ever. Comb on Polycolor after your shampoo and your hair will come out soft, bouncy and shining. And with Polycolor, you can be sure that the set will hold until your next shampoo.

I'm in my middle forties, and I have a lot of grey in my hair, but I certainly don't feel like an "old lady". Do I have to look like one?

Not for a moment. With Polycolor Cream Hair Tint you have sixteen wonderful shades to choose from. You can regain your natural hair colour, or darken and deepen the tone. These days, a hair colour is just as much a part of good grooming as your lipstick! I suggest that you use Polycolor Cream Hair Tint in your original colouring (or, if you want to change the colour, the Polycolor Beauty Counsellor at your pharmacy or department store will be happy to advise).

If you have a hair problem write Pauline "Polly" Reynolds, Polycolor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 16, Villawood, N.S.W. 2163, or call her in person at Sydney 72-0451.



At Pharmacies and Department Stores

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 21, 1963



## COLLECTORS' CORNER

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their interesting antiques.



• Spittoons and Victorian corner bracket.



COULD you please give me some information about the antiques in the two enclosed pictures (above)? The spittoons are very highly glazed, but slight cracks are visible. They have no markings of any kind as to the manufacturer. The corner bracket is beautifully carved and collapses into a flat piece on tiny hinges. — Mrs. Iris Fairweather, Canterbury, N.S.W.

The pair of pale turquoise spittoons, decorated with naturalistic floral motifs, were made about 1870. In the absence of a potter's mark any attribution is of conjectural nature, but I favor a Blanton attribution. The Limoges (French) works also make similar examples and other Continental potters did likewise.

The Victorian collapsible corner bracket was made about 1875 or 1880.

I HAVE a vase shaped as a snapper fish sitting on its tail with the mouth wide open. It is glazed and colored like a freshly caught fish and has a wet look about it. The markings, which are very faint, look like a "B" with a dot underneath. I have been told that only four such vases came to New Zealand some years ago, and they were made in Western Australia.

The person who gave me this information is the possessor of one such vase and we both live in a small township of 5000 persons. — Mrs. S. Winder, Huntly, N.Z.

Without seeing a photograph of this interesting example of what sounds like Majolica ware I cannot possibly give an opinion as to its origin, other than it sounds like late-nineteenth century to me.

I have no knowledge of a pottery in Western Australia that produced such items — perhaps an inquiry directed to the Western Australian Museum, Perth, might bring forth some information. So far little is known or has been recorded regarding our earliest Australian potters.

I have been collecting information together for a number of years, but there is still a lot to be discovered.

I AM enclosing sketches of a settee and footstool and cups and saucers that have been given to me by a dear relative.

The only marking on the cups is "202." I believe they are hundreds of years old, but I am interested to hear more about them.

— Mrs. D. C. Peirce, Balgowlah Heights, N.S.W.

The settee and footstool, which I presume are made of walnut, are Victorian and date about 1870.

The cups and saucers were made during the early nineteenth century about 1810 to 1820 and are probably Spode.

I HAVE a small eight-day clock which I was told in 1913 was more than 100 years old. It is a graceful, pretty little clock, inlaid (I think) with rosewood, with two lion's head handles at each side. The maker is Keith of Inverness. I wonder if you know anything of his work. —

Mrs. McIntyre, South Launceston, Tas.

Keith of Inverness — clock-maker — does not appear to be recorded in any of the standard works on clock-makers. However, from your description the clock is nineteenth century. The lion's head handles were fashionable during the Regency era. Without a photograph I can only presume that your clock was made between 1815 and 1830.

I NOTICED in a recent issue of *The Australian Women's Weekly* a date given of the age of a grandfather clock. Could you assess the age of my clock? My late father made a hobby of collecting these old clocks during visits to England and at times he had four in the home, dating back to 1728. I enclose a sketch of mine, still ticking away and losing only three minutes in the year. While it has no date inscribed, the manufacturers went out of existence more than 200 years ago. — J. Steele, Randwick, N.S.W.

The grandfather clock is a fine eighteenth-century example. It was made about 1780 to 1790. The chapter circle (as shown in your sketch) with roman numerals and the ornamental cast-spandrels in the corners and the moon device are salient features of the period.

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For arms, underarms, legs—and clinically tested for facial use

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## Veet Odourless

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## school sores

The first step is to use an antiseptic soap. A surgical soap, developed for doctors and nurses in hospitals to help stop the spread of infection. The antiseptic in the soap fights surface bacteria and cleans deep down into skin pores. Leaves the skin clinically clean. Only a surgical soap can give you this protection. GAMOPHEN SURGICAL SOAP from 20 cents at chemists.

Johnson & Johnson



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The headmaster had given me that polished pebble as a personal leaving present, and I wouldn't part with it for any money. But a pebble is easy to love and admire. A girl has feelings of her own as well. I mean, my pebble can't burst out crying, or try to make me change my ideas, but a girl can. I reckoned they would only get in my way. And then, as I said, I met Kath.

Being close to the earth makes you sensitive to sound and color. I found the blue-eyed, chattering sort of wench a waste of time. But Kath was quiet-voiced, with fair hair and eyes that changed from grey to green in different lights and moods. She was a watcher and listener, too, which is rare. And she took a degree in botany at the same university. I met her really when I trod on her foot in the queue, on Graduation Day.

She said, "So you are alive, are you?"

And I said, "Why?" which was a damn silly thing to say.

And she said, "Well, you never said a word to me before, and we've been in the same place for years."

And I said, "But I noticed you."

Her face brightened up and her eyes changed color, and she said, "Did you really?"

And I said, "How could I not?" which was one of my room-mate's favorite remarks. It worked, too, because she smiled all over.

But, honestly, though I would never tell her, I didn't know her from Eve. Anyway, the lie didn't seem to matter. We had three long months ahead of both of us, before we needed to make up our minds about earning our livings. She was going to teach, and I was going to travel. But it didn't have to happen at once.

She lived a long way away from me, so we arranged to work together at a holiday camp to earn money, and then go off on a long walking tour. Being shy people by nature we told nobody. And I want it understood that there was no "dirty weekend" business about it, either.

We simply wanted to be friends, to know each other better. In fact, I had planned to carry on with my own job abroad, write to her in between, and more or less forget her. I was offering her my friendship, but women don't want a man's friendship. It seems second-best to them. This I will never understand, because between me and the handful of real friends I have got is a rock-bed understanding. A friend knows you, loves you, and leaves you alone. A woman may not know you, and love is a sort of holding fast in spite of ignorance.

Anyway, we worked at the camp. It was her idea and I'll never do it again. I'd

## A SENSE OF SPACE — THE MAN IS MY GEOGRAPHY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

rather starve. She agreed with me, when I said so, but I wonder now how honest she was about it.

It was purgatory. From the first hearty yell over all the microphones in the camp every morning, to the last sing-song at night. Imagine paying for having your privacy taken away from you. Belsen, with frills. Organised, soothed, fed, gently but firmly bullied into constant enjoyment, from arrival to departure. You had to enjoy yourself, sauce on bread and butter, fat red arms and panama hats. The babies screaming in the nursery, the kids, and Gran screaming over Bingo. One long screech and howl of a pseudo good time. I saw that camp as a big mouth, perpetually aching with a compulsory smile. Never again. I took the proceeds of my sweated labor and got well out.

"But they like it," said Kath, who always saw the other side.

"And the best of luck to them," I told her, "so long as I don't have to join in."

We went to Spain because neither of us had seen it, and people said it was cheap. She couldn't stand my pace, so I slowed down for her. We didn't get as far or see as much as I would have done on my own, but she sweetened the way. We seemed to like the same things; the scrubby trees and dusty roads, the hard blue sky and the hard gold sun. She laughed when we ate a particularly oily meal. She struggled gamely with the "Spanish tummy" when it struck us. It wasn't funny, but it brought us together. Now and then she would get a bit quiet when I walked too fast, not thinking, and she lagged behind.

"OK?" I would say, stopping for her.

The closed-up expression on her face would break wide open. She lit up and smiled.

"OK," she said, and as I caught her hand and swung it, she said, "I'm always OK when I'm with you."

"But you like Spain, too, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," she said emphatically as a child. "I love it, Clay. I love it all."

I took her word for it. I don't understand people who say what they don't mean. I believed her. I believed we had everything in common in those days. She said so, too.

I can't remember how we came to be engaged. I never thought of it. It must have crept up on us, somehow. We telephoned every day when we got back, and I was full of ideas, full of Spain, full of the future. But she seemed to

think that my future was hers, and then we got engaged. And I did love her. For the first time I wanted to share what I felt and what I saw with her. The world was a better place, seen through two pairs of eyes.

I DISCOUNTED the silences, and the bewildered look that crept over her face in Spain when she heard we were walking on, day after day, and there was no goal, just farther on. It was so stupid of me, but I knew nothing about girls. I put it down to her physique or temperament. I never thought it out. I didn't know that it was practically one long ordeal to which she was trying like hell to adapt. I thought it was spontaneous, her agreement and pleasure. So we were engaged, and I wonder what she thought would come of that? Did she imagine, vaguely, that an engagement would stop my feet and wrap them in carpet slippers?

The minute the ring was on her finger her family moved

in. Her brother wanted me to turn my brains and ability to good solid gold. Her mother wanted us to live on the same step in a nice little house. Her father wanted me to conform, and threw in one or two hints about a family name staying in the same place a bit more. My own family knew me too well for that, and engaged to talk me over the engagement. But she pushed me right on Kath's side, and what with her family and mine, we stuck like glue. I wish to heaven there had been reasonable. I suggest trying out my job abroad for a year, before we joined me, but she wouldn't have that. She was coming with me. So I put my name on the table for everyone to see.

"Look, Kath," I said, "I don't out to make a lot of money, because it doesn't interest me enough. I don't settle in one place, ever. I'm not even trying England because it's too little. Your family and mine live a good life, but it's not my life."

She stood there, very still and quiet, twisting the ring on her finger.

"But you do love me?" she said, "do want me?" she said, "off beam, like all women."

To page 52



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 21, 1968



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Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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## A SENSE OF SPACE — THE MAN IS MY GEOGRAPHY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

"Yes, I do," I said. "I've never wanted any other girl, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

That was the truth, because one upheaval was enough for any man. But she took it quite differently, as meaning we were meant for each other. And into that narrow basket she promptly put every egg she possessed.

"Then I'll go wherever you want me to go," she said, all ablaze with love and conviction. "I don't mind anything, so long as we're together. I'd go to the other side of the world with you, Clay."

Which was exactly what she had to do, because the job I wanted turned out to be in Australia.

Women have never influenced me, men have. Don't get me wrong. Kath and I were fine from the starting post. But with other men

you're not bothering about whether their feelings are hurt, or whether they like someone else more than you. You aren't tormented by jealousy or desire. And they see further. They talk further. A woman's world is very small: very necessary, very good, and very small. When I'm with other men we breathe deeper, and take off the blinkers and bridle. It was this way with the man who sold Australia to me.

I was supposed to be having dinner with Kath's people that evening, to meet Uncle John and Aunt Muriel, and I forgot all about it. I met him half-cut in a pub, or "shickered in the rubbity" as he put it. He was an Australian on holiday, come back to the old country to take a look at his roots, and he didn't care for what he found. I liked him, liked his lingo, liked the picture he painted.

"We've all got the same chances, down under," he said. "No flamin' side like you got here, sport. Why I wouldn't want to live here. Too damn small for one thing. Out there one man's as good or as crook as another. And the sun shines all day."

But I could tell that the sun shone harder in one place than in another, as far as he was concerned, and when he'd taken some more booze aboard I heard where it was. Oh, Sydney Harbor was beaut, and Melbourne was supah, and the Aussie sheilas were the prettiest in the whole flamin' world, but the place that brought out all the Adam in a man was the Western State. He had come from a sheep farm outback, and he was getting home to it just as soon as he could wipe the blasted Pommie rain off his flamin' boots.

"A million square miles, sport," he said. "It's the last frontier. You can go walkabouts there."

He became indistinct. Strange words and phrases bubbled from his mouth. If he hadn't been such a tough little runt his eyes would have run tears. He was homesick. I found his address in his wallet when he flaked out, took him back in a taxi to the Kensington Hotel, pulled his boots off, and left him to sleep it out. His last words, snarled with great independence, helpless as he was, were: "And keep your blasted nose outa my backyard, you flamin' drongo."

I never saw him again, but I've often thought of him. I have him to thank for showing me the widest corner of the world.

Kath was crying when I got in, and all her family were at freezing point. Apparently they had waited for an hour before eating dinner, and Uncle John and Aunt Muriel thought it very odd. I told them an embroidered truth, and made it up with Kath. I felt then, since we had to be together, that I must get her to myself or I'd go walkabouts on the lot of them. One month later I sprang Australia at them, complete with colored pamphlets. Another man sold me the job with one sentence.

"Why, if you found a good copper deposit out there," he said, "it would be the start of a small town."

I often think of that, while I'm working. It sounds like a miracle.

The tidal wave of goodbyes rolled right off my restless back. You can laugh if you like, but I never touched Kath until we were good and married. If anything is worth having it's worth waiting for.

New marriage, new country ahead, and new job, acted on us like a bottle of champagne. It was freedom all the way, freedom in every direction as far as we could see. We got

drunk on it, shickered and stonkered, and came up for air at Perth. Then she loosened the string and started to be a wife. One day we were swimming in milk and honey, the next she wanted to do some shopping. It took me short for a minute, but I got over it. Only, she was so like her mother, with her legs clicking down the pavement, chattering and window-shopping and buying. Perth must have been Birmingham, the way she tackled it. The very ordinariness of what she did seemed to release her.

She began to plan the house then, what we should buy, how it would look. She started to talk about a family, but I put my foot down there. I had wanted to come unburdened and she wouldn't let me. But at least I would only have one burden, for the time being, only one shiralee. And the sun acted on me like a tonic. I was aching to get to Veronica town and start. She and I on the ship were real, what was ahead of us was real; but this shopping, waiting, and chit-chatting was like something out of a woman's magazine.

KATH was quiet when we landed at Veronica on the weekly train, though they gave us a reception which only lacked a strip of red carpet. Fifty people in the car, and another two in the very welcome. The bungalow had everything any woman could want. And outside stretched those marvelous, limitless acres of outback.

I put my arms round her when we were alone together, and that was pretty late at night because Veronica is a friendly place. I'm a poorish at words, but I said something about having the best of both worlds, here and mine. So many cubic feet of lux inside, and all that other out there. I've never seen one look more lost. She stared round the room and then out at the sky. That night, with a thick scarf of stars glittering across it, is something again, but I'm getting away from the point.

"Your world is so much bigger," she said, very fast.

I wanted to run outside and fetch in armfuls of universe, and lay it at her feet.

"But we'll share it," I said. "You know what the Aussies say, 'Love me, love my job. We'll share it. I'll be away on Monday, back on Friday, and full of news. I'll tell you all about it.'"

I knew inside myself that what I would see could never be conveyed adequately. I got stuck with pretentious adjectives that add up to nothing. But I intended to try, and try hard.

"What shall I do all week without you?" she said, and she was crying like a child does, with its hands before its face, and tears running through her fingers.

I suppose, you see, that women like adventure, but adventures themselves aren't really in their line of country. Our adventure had swung round and caught her mid-way. So many people say things like "till death do us part" and never realize that it means until one of you closes the other's eyes. Having said her what to expect, and been straight about it, I wanted her to have acted out of that knowledge. I'm sorry if I was her wrong, but she would take me for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse.

Now I was offering her a bigger country, a better home, and more money than I could ever have earned in England. Perhaps she felt that I could be changed, or made over into someone she could like.

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Trade Mark — J&J — Jan., 1968



with. Perhaps she made those promises with a "but" in the bottom of her heart. Anyway, she didn't like it, right from the beginning.

Plenty of couples go on for years without finding themselves or each other out. Australia had us stripped and stayed in a matter of days. You don't start telling each other home-truths right away. I was as kind as I knew how to be, and by Monday she was standing at the door with a watery smile on her face, seeing me off. I was told by a number of the men and women in Veronica that home-sickness was the Pommer's wasting disease. They said it wore off after the first few months or a year, and I bore with Kath's own sickness.

She tried, I'll say that for her. One evening when I was alone she got out her old diary books and notes, full of an idea to start afresh. A new country to go at, she said, and I encouraged her. I drove to the nearest town where you could buy proper paper, which was two hundred miles away, and I spent a little fortune on all she needed.

But her old notes talked harder than I did. They reminded her of the small cool dry flowers that blow under a sun English sky, of dog-roses in a hedgerow, of primroses in an English spring. She cried then as I have seen her cry since, with complete abandon. I fear and detest these outbursts now, because they make her hateful to each other. I want to tear up her little diary notes and take her by the arm and pull her outside.

"Look!" I want to shout, "there's a whole new world here, and all the time and opportunity you need to find it. The only thing that bothers me in this country is that I'll miss something; some chip of rock, some lost music, that might mean a lot to me. But you're like a child in a big new house, crying over the slum it left behind. This is a big country, and by heaven, you're a little woman to be in it!"

But I don't say it, ever. And yet, the bigger I find the territory the smaller she seems to me, the less important. Australia gets more amazingly beautiful every day, every week-day that is. Week-ends are the times we go around Kath's troubles in ever-decreasing circles. And I know that if only she would make the effort she could see it as I do. You have to change to fit in, here, but the Western State has spoiled me for most other places on earth. A happy and-proper, that's me.

I should have come by myself, should have held out on my own, and on the child. "If I could have somebody else to think about and work for," she said. I gave in. That was the last time she cheated me, with the child. Like everything else it was good at first. She was quite different for

## A SENSE OF SPACE - THE MAN IS MY GEOGRAPHY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

months, and he was a nice little nipper. We even suffered a return of love. I say "suffered" because it went away again. I suppose the baby held Australia at bay with his newness, but he wasn't big enough or strong enough to hold it off for good. She says, sometimes, when she's had one of her crying spells, that she feels the sun is pushing her into the ground, that the whole continent is pressing her to death.

I've offered her tickets for herself and for the boy, to go back to England, for a holiday or for good. That acted like a pail of water, and she pulled herself up short. I meant it as a solution, but she took it as a threat. There's no shortage of money. I'd keep her and the boy, or divorce her if she found someone else. I'd play it straight. But she won't go, because my hold is big enough to keep her, even here. I wish it wasn't. I wish it wasn't.

Why, I can live like a swagman. The best meal I ever ate was a lamb chop grilled over a fire of gum-tree twigs out in the open. A bed to sleep in, a table on which to put my papers, a chair, and a billy of tea are sheer luxuries. But you can't ask a woman to share that life. Men travel light. Women stay in one place, and collect objects.

Each Monday I set out in the station wagon with a light heart. It's cool enough, first thing, but before long the heat will shimmer on the road like rain water. Strange trees with stranger names contort themselves into shapes that are strangest of all. For miles and miles the desert runs beneath my wheels, scattered with spinifex and saltbush. The empty sky ranges from washed-out blue to hot-pink. Stark and arid, the scorched earth shades from rose-red to a rich brown, and fades into a pinky-white horizon. The sun damn nearly pushes your head down on to the driving wheel. Sweat runs from every pore, and the flies settle on your clothes.

But the vastness, the sense of space, the emptiness, fills you like a meal. The last frontier. There is rock here, fifteen million years old, older than England, ancient stuff that makes civilisation seem a pimple. And when I get out of the car I'm a solitary living unit in a boundless country. I walk. I walk for hours with dust on my boots, dust and sand in the folds of my clothes, on my face and hands. I crunch the grit under my feet under a shrivelling sun.

Australia is my woman now. I find her out and

treasure her. I love her and expend myself on her, discovering her, and she grows richer and vaster. The more I know about her the more I want to know. I am never tired of her, nor do I want her to be other than she is. Kath sits in her box of a house and cares for the child, and I live my life outside them both. She's like a plant taken from its natural soil. She droops and fades, only just exists.

Sun, sand, and spinifex, and deep blue shadow. The twisted trees, the undaunted scrub. Two days of hell at home and five of heaven out here. It's a fair exchange, sport. Leave your shiralee back home and hook it. Keep your nose in your own backyard and keep outa mine, you double-headed drongo. Well, that's the way it goes - it's it?



THIS town is called Veronica. It has a population of fifty, a store and a post office. On Thursdays the train brings all our provisions for the week, and our mail. At Christmastime it also brings Father Christmas, the sweat running in thin rivulets from his fur-trimmed hood to his white beard. He

visits a string of outback towns, oozing moisture and Australian goodwill. On Mondays, my husband, Clay, leaves for work after an early breakfast. On Friday night he gets back, in time for supper. In between, I read and sew and look after the baby.

There isn't very much to do. Washing dries in half an hour. The bungalow stays pretty clean, except for dust. I walk over and see my neighbors, and they see me. But Veronica is a dead town with him away. Nothing but sun and scrubland and more sun. No limit apart from the shimmering line of the horizon. And everywhere, stretching into infinity, in every direction, space. Space is as lavish here as the sun. After a while there doesn't seem to be anyone left on earth except me, and the baby. I look down at his little head, and touch it for comfort.

My name is Kathleen Purdy. I am twenty-five, English-born, and I took a second-class degree in Botany and Zoology. Three years ago I

married Clay. We went to the same university. He read geology, and took such a good degree that they wanted him to stay on and do research work. My brother Bob, who is a businessman, advised Clay to yoke his brains up to a well-paid job. He thought Clay should work for one of the big oil companies. I was quite glad when he said no, because I was never the sort of woman who wanted to be cooped up with a small group of bridge-playing memsahibs.

When everybody had finished saying what Clay ought to do, he said he was going to work in the Australian outback, looking for minerals. He said that he had heard a good copper deposit could start a small town. That caught his imagination, because he always thinks on a big scale. He felt this job would provide him with enough money to keep us comfortably, enough scope to use his brains, and enough space in which to walk.

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## LULUBELLE



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 21, 1968

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# AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:  
Week starting  
February 14

## ARIES: March 21-April 20

Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.  
If you're mainly adverse — there's upset, tension, and a lot of muddle and deception. A friend could give you the double-cross. On the 18th, your own planet of Mars enters your sign, so jet off. Good news romance-wise around the corner, too, with good stars next week.

## TAURUS: April 21-May 20

Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.  
If you're contemplating starting any venture, postpone it until after the 16th. Although there are good stars, the nasty ones are the final say. Beware of family tangles and lovers' tiffs — don't trust overmuch. Someone could be sniping at you. Good stars follow, and there's exciting romance ahead.

## GEMINI: May 21-June 21

Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.  
For goodness' sake, don't get involved in legal matters, 15th-16th, and postpone big decisions. It's also bad for marriage and partnership. Let the slogan be "sit tight." Make the most of this on, when marital mix-ups have a good chance of being smoothed, especially 19th, when friends could assist.

## CANCER: June 22-July 22

Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.  
Beware of fair words coming from lovers' lips — at least until after the 17th. Love is cloaked with deceptive allure, and there's a spot of upset as well — so take care travelling. Feb. 19 is fine for job conditions, status, and career. A surprise rise is in the air or in standing?

## LEO: July 23-August 22

Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.  
There's a strong favoring wind beginning to blow through the affairs of Leo people born at the end of the sign. However, there are shoals and strong undertows to negotiate until the 17th, after which it is plain sailing. Feb. 19 is particularly good monetarily.

## VIRGO: August 23-September 23

Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.  
Thinking of taking an important trip? Well, if you can manage it, and if you are born at the end of the sign, try to avoid 14th-15th. Feb. 15 is adverse for private and public life — beware of unexpected upset — but the 19th could mean a surprise move or expansion of some sort.



## LIBRA: September 24-October 23

Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.  
Romance could prove expensive and illusory. It could be a case of what you have written or said could be used against you. Hence be wary in the concerns of love until the 17th, after which you get thrilling stars that favor matrimony and partnership — 19th being very good.

## SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.  
The aura of confusion that prevails until the 17th especially affects you, so use that radar that enables you to see beneath appearances. There's also danger of an abruptly broken romance or some family trouble. Later, however, there are good stars and they last for some time.

## SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.  
Watch out for mental miscues until the 17th. Your focus could be blurred, and it all adds up to extra care travelling. Stick to routine and use caution with the marriage mate. Good stars on the 19th, favoring finances — a windfall, lottery-wise or legacy.

## CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, silver, red. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.  
February 19 is a propitious day, assisting personal and private affairs, romance, and, for some, an unscheduled glamor cruise. But be your cautious and patient self, 14th-17th, and keep the purse zipped. There could be muddle affecting the family budget. It's bad for real estate, as well.

## AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.  
Your cycle of self-sales promotion ends happily on the 19th, but although there are some benefic influences adverse stars dominate the 14th-17th. Your personal life could get into a sort of LSD confusion, and it's also bad for new projects. Beware of money loss.

## PISCES: February 20-March 20

Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.  
Usually so calm and amenable, you could fly out of orbit, 14th-17th, no doubt to the astonishment of those who know you. Guard against vague decisions and trust no one until after February 16. There could be a surprise boost to career and status around the 19th.

## A SENSE OF SPACE — THE MAN IS MY GEOGRAPHY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

feeling the sun spilling on my back and arms. We stayed in Perth a couple of days, waiting for the train, walking round hand in hand. Just at first Australia was our country, all to ourselves, Clay's and mine.

We were woven into each other. When I kissed his mouth I kissed Australia, too. It was our past love-making, our prodigal present. The future lay before us, promising everything we could wish for. I wrote dozens of ecstatic, exotic postcards. I flung my arms round Clay. I couldn't hold him hard enough, or long enough. Then we came here, and the end of that journey was the end of heaven for me, not the beginning.

VERONICA is a little town. The bungalows are nice enough in themselves; light, modern, and convenient, like everyone else's bungalows. Veronica is a handful of wooden jelly moulds thrown up in the middle of the desert. It has no roots, no tradition. It is new, brand-new, spanking-new, shining-new. There is nobody here with whom I would have made friends by choice. We are quite on our own.

Clay was pleased with the bungalow. Better designed and cheaper than we should have got in England, he said. He found out how Veronica worked, which wouldn't take anybody long, and wrote down the things he thought I should find useful. He wrote down a list of instructions for me. I sat on the suitcases

and looked at the little frown between his eyes as he wrote it all down for me.

He was anxious to leave as soon as he could. He wanted to get on with his work, with the new work he had come halfway across the world to find. He was anxious to leave, even to leave me. That was the second time I cried for home, and he was very sweet in an absentminded way. I've cried hundreds of times since, but I've learned to cry alone, except in crises. How can I explain that what he loves is breaking me to pieces? We are quite opposite, Clay and I. I find a whole world in one small thing, but he can't see anything nearer than a horizon. He wouldn't bother about the horizon, either, if he could reach it. He wants what is always out of his reach, beyond himself.

I was born in Gloucestershire, and my father was a local GP with a practice that covered a handful of little villages round about. Our house was two hundred years old and built of stone. I could take you through it with my eyes closed, but what I best remember now is the coolness of the big larder in summer.

My mother is a lovable woman. She ran her household, took father's telephone messages, knew every villager by name. Walking down the High Street was a series of stops and conversations, words and smiles. The house was open, full of people all the year round. She cooked and baked and bottled. Homemade jam, blackcurrant, raspberry, strawberry, all from the

garden. We lived like kings there, but I can't eat out here. I can't eat.

I remember the rain on the roof, wildflowers growing in the fields and hedges. Speedwells, kingcups, and marsh marigolds. Hedgehogs caught in the car headlights, in the lanes at night. Gentle hills, patchwork fields, drystone walls. The smell of hay, of singed hoof in the blacksmith's forge.

Ironically enough, I could not wait to leave home and begin the world. I chose a university too far away for weekend visits. They insisted that I live in a hostel, but even that was wonderful independence. I wonder now what it was I wanted? Even taking botany was more of an excuse to leave home than to pursue a private passion. I only got a second-class, anyway, as I said. And what would I have done with it?

I thought of teaching, but I had no vocation for teaching. It was all so aimless, and yet such a strong feeling drew me away from home. I suppose I was expecting something wonderful, something that combined all the happiness of childhood and the excitement of growing up, and added an essence of its own. I was in love with life, in love with love, and I thought a miracle would happen.

I had lots of boys, in a mild way, but Clay was the only one I ever wanted. I suppose I was spoiled at home. I expected so much. I was so wilful. I saw him in the first year at university. The students liked him, and laughed at him in a nice way. He was a long, fair boy who never seemed quite sure where he was going. He loped along, seeing nobody, books spilling from under one arm. His

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room-mate had a bad name among the girls. None of my group ever had much to do with him. He punted Clay about, and used him as a stooge.

But say that to Clay and he wouldn't believe you. Clay knows nothing about other people, why they do things, what they are, how they feel. He isn't involved, you see. So he knows nothing about anybody, nothing about me. And he doesn't care.

I nearly lost the only chance of getting to know him, because he simply didn't see me. Fortunately we were near each other in the line on Graduation Day, and finding my place I bumped into him purposely. His balance isn't very good, because he's usually thinking about something else, and hovering on one leg like a distraught crane. So to save himself

## A SENSE OF SPACE - THE MAN IS MY GEOGRAPHY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

he grabbed my arm and trod on my foot. And as he couldn't think how he'd done that, he apologised.

That was the beginning. He hadn't had a girl before, so I made all the running. He was so sweet, he was such a mutt. I loved him. I longed to take care of him and protect him, and he didn't need it. He was solitary, but solitude is his armor. He seemed lost, but he could find his way to the South Pole by instinct. And he seemed unable to cope, though I know now that he can cope with anything he wants to. If he doesn't want to, he simply doesn't bother. So with all these

misconceptions I charged to his rescue, and got drowned myself.

The holiday-camp work was my idea. Well, neither of us had any money, and I thought we could go to Italy and lounge in the sun and drink wine and get to love each other. So I thought we could earn the money first, and travel after. Did it matter, I thought, how we earned it? Yes, apparently it did. He woke up, about a week later, and started complaining. We used to meet regularly outside the cook-house place and he did nothing but lecture me, all about the emptiness of people's lives.

You should see Veronica before you talk about emptiness. In fact, the people here have a lot in common with the holiday campers, though he'll never admit that. What he called forced cheerfulness back home turns out to be good-heartedness out here. An Australian slap on the back and cheerio is splendid. Do it to him in England and he talks about the ignorant proletariat. Oh, I would argue with him point by point, and beat him down, and still he wouldn't see. He's besotted with this great big oven of a country.

We didn't go to Italy. We went to Spain. I've travelled very little, just a couple of exchanges with pen-friends. So I left the arrangements to him, and it was murder from start to finish. I didn't dare tell them at home that I was going abroad with a

man I'd only just met. So I made up a story about meeting three girls. Going over on the boat I vomited for two and a half hours, but I managed to hide it. Clay doesn't notice much. He'd found somebody within ten minutes who was having a last jaunt on the Continent before migrating to Canada. By the time the boat lumbered into port he'd just about remembered I was with him, and a stewardess had pulled me back to near-normal. He stood looking at me, vaguely and sweetly, faintly guilty.

He said, "Have you been all right?"

I loved him, and wanted him to stay happy and unconcerned.

I said, "Yes. I've been fine. Clay, I met such a nice woman."

That was the stewardess. We carried loads of camping equipment, and the minute we set foot on French soil we started walking south. I prayed it would rain, so that he would stop at a pension and we could have a bath and be comfortable. When I found out that the rain made no difference, I prayed for sunshine.

THE whole holiday was wrong. I should have been warned. When the weather improved it was too much. Spain in August is strictly for lizards. I thought the sun would have beaten the back of my head in. After a couple of weeks I didn't even know whether I wanted him to talk — meaning about every inch of rock along the way; or leave me alone — meaning leave ahead and forget I existed. But he was my man, and I felt I must learn, must be like him. And though I have only told you about the miseries there was a bright gold thread running through them all, and that was us.

Looking back, knowing how utterly unprepared I was for Clay, I didn't do badly. Some of the time, when we were both ill, I bordered on heroism. He began to look at me, too. Toward the end of the holiday, when we brewed one last pan of coffee before turning in, he would look at me with an expression which told me what he wanted. He is a strange man. Blistered feet and all, I would have made love the minute he asked me, but he never did. And this curiously honorable and old-fashioned attitude bound me tighter than anything else.

By the time I got home, brown as Spanish earth, and ten pounds lighter in weight, I knew some things about him. I realised I would always be only a part of his life. I came second-best in his scheme of things, and he could do without me. But you know the Indian proverb? Roughly speaking, they say that the man loves God, and the woman loves the God in the man. That was us, and I accepted it. It would have taken more than that to have parted me from Clay. He was so beautiful, with his eyes always searching miles ahead, and his long easy strides. I even loved the way he picked up a bit of rock, as though it was a nestling fallen to the ground.

When we got home he acted like a maniac. He had the entire world to choose from and he didn't know where to start. After a while I realised there was something one-sided about his enthusiasm. He was leaving England, not only without consulting me but without taking me, either. And I knew that if I was to have a place at his side I should have to fight for that, too.

This was difficult. I was close in Gloucestershire and he was up in the north of London. I went to stay with an aunt in Chelsea, for a week, caught up with all his zany plans, and added myself to them unobtrusively, of course, what I wanted never came into the matter. I grew very quick at detecting what he wanted, and going along with it. A month later we were engaged, but the world was still winning. He

To page 60

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



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# RECIPES BY RENOWNED FRENCH CHEF

"L'Art Culinaire Moderne," a beautifully produced cookery book of almost 1000 pages, contains some of the best recipes in the world. The author, Henri-Paul Pellaprat (1869 - 1949), famous chef, taught in the noted cookery school Cordon Bleu de Paris for over 30 years.

KNOWN simply throughout the world as "The Pellaprat," this famous cookery book, now available in an English edition, is, as M. Pellaprat said, "a book for the housewife containing all she needs to know about cookery and related matters."

There are comprehensive sections on all forms of cookery—from buffets to a mouth-watering section on sweets, pastries, and gateaus. "The recipes in this book have not been taken from my imagination," M. Pellaprat wrote in his introduction. "I have tried every one of them out on the stove, and those for foreign dishes come from highly esteemed authors."

In addition to the many color illustrations, there are numerous step-by-step directions—on simple subjects such as how to section an orange, to how to make crepe suzette or how to carve a chateaubriand steak.

A foreword to the book was written by Curnonsky, famed Prince of Gastronomes, whose judgment of chefs, their work, and their books was, if favorable (as in Pellaprat's case), regarded as ultimate recognition. "This book's recipes are not fanciful," M. Curnonsky wrote, "they are all practical and reliable. This beautiful book has achieved a success without precedent in culinary literature."

In this cookery feature is a delightful and varied selection of recipes taken from "The Pellaprat."

## KURINY KOTELETKI POJARSKI (Chicken Cutlets Pojarski)

1lb. raw chicken meat  
1 pint cream  
1lb. white bread without crust  
2 egg-yolks  
6oz. butter  
1 egg  
white breadcrumbs

Soak the white bread in cream but do not squeeze out. Chop the chicken very fine, adding a little cream, then add the bread, 2oz. butter, the egg-yolks, salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg and continue chopping and mixing until the mixture binds well. Divide this mixture into 8 large or 16 small pieces and shape them first into balls, and then, using a palette knife, into cutlet shapes on a floured board. Egg and breadcrumb. Fry cutlets in butter so that they are golden brown and not dry. Serve sprinkled with lemon juice and with a vegetable garnish to taste.

Serves 8 to 10.  
Cooking time, 10 minutes.

## POMMES DE TERRE A LA HONGROISE

1lb. potatoes  
1lb. onions  
1 pint bouillon  
2oz. butter  
2 tablespoons tomato puree  
paprika

Slice the onions and fry golden brown. Add the peeled, sliced potatoes and the tomato puree, just cover with bouillon, add a little salt and plenty of paprika, cover, and cook in a moderate oven till done. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Serves 3-4.  
Cooking time, 20 minutes.

## FILETS DE SOLE MONTE CARLO

4 soles (or flounder), each  
about 1lb.  
1lb. butter  
2oz. fillets of anchovy  
1 pint oil

Fillet the sole. Salt, flour, and fry in oil. Pound the fillets of anchovy and mix with the melted butter. Pour this mixture upon the fillets of sole, decorate with some fillets of anchovy.

Serves 8.  
Cooking time, 6-7 minutes.

## HOMARD FRA DIAVOLO

1 lobster, about 1½lb.  
1lb. tomatoes  
1oz. butter  
1-8th pint white wine  
1 tablespoon chopped parsley  
1 clove garlic  
2 tablespoons olive oil  
pinch of marjoram  
ground black pepper  
salt

Cook the lobster in fish stock. Cut in half lengthwise and remove the inedible parts. Break off the top side of the claws. Simmer the lobster for a few minutes in hot butter and white wine in a baking dish, the cut side turned down. Peel and seed the tomatoes, cut them into dice and saute them in hot oil. Add crushed garlic, chopped parsley, and a pinch of marjoram, and season highly with salt and ground black pepper. Arrange the lobster on a large dish with the cut side upwards and cover with the sauteed tomatoes. Garnish with parsley and lemon, and serve rice pilaf separately.

Serves 2.  
Cooking time, 25 minutes.

## RICE PILAF

5oz. Patna (long-grain) rice  
1 small onion  
1 pint chicken stock  
1oz. butter

Stew the finely chopped onion in the butter, but do not let it brown. Add the rice, cook together till the rice is opaque, add half the boiling stock, stir well, then add the rest of the stock. Cover with a buttered paper and lid and cook in a hot oven for about 18 minutes. Remove the lid and paper, add some small pieces of butter, let it stand for 5 minutes and separate the grains with a fork.

Serves 2-3.  
Cooking time, 20 minutes.

**GATEAU ZIGOMAR:** A rich, truly luscious chocolate cake sandwiched together with butter cream, and generously coated with chocolate. See overleaf.

## VEAL OLIVES WITH MUSHROOMS

6 escalopes of veal, each  
about 4oz.  
1lb. sausage meat  
1 carrot  
1 onion  
1 bouquet garni  
1 pint veal stock  
1 teaspoon concentrated tomato puree  
½lb. mushrooms

Flatten the escalopes, trim them, spread with the sausage meat, roll up, and tie. Brown well, place on a bed of fried, sliced carrot and onion in a casserole, add the veal stock and tomato puree, season, cover with lid, and cook slowly in the oven till cooked. Remove the string from the paupiettes and pour over the stock which has been strained and thickened with cornflour. Garnish with quartered, sauteed mushrooms.

Serves 6.  
Cooking time, 1½ hours.

## SPAGHETTI MONTANARA

1lb. spaghetti  
1lb. salt pork  
2oz. butter  
1lb. tomatoes  
½lb. diced gruyere cheese  
1 onion  
½ pint dry white wine  
garlic  
sprig basil

Crush the garlic and fry in oil and the butter until golden colored. Remove garlic from the pan, and fry the grated or finely chopped onion, and diced salt pork in this pan. Then pour in the white wine and allow to evaporate. Add the chopped tomatoes and basil leaves. Stir all the time while reducing the liquor. Cook the spaghetti in salt water, drain, and add the sauce. Sprinkle with gruyere.

Serves 4.  
Cooking time for the sauce, 12 minutes.

Continued overleaf





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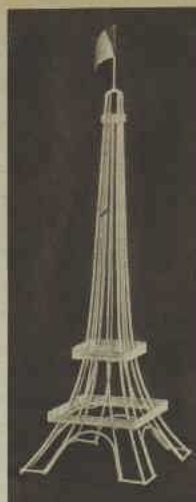
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RECIPES BY

RENOWNED

FRENCH CHEF



## SAUTE DE VEAU CHASSEUR

2½ lb. boned shoulder of veal	24 small onions
½ lb. mushrooms	½ pint white wine
1 lb. potatoes	2 pints brown stock
2 oz. flour	2 oz. fat
	1 tablespoon tomato puree

Remove sinews and cut meat into 1 in. cubes. Brown well in half butter and half oil, sprinkle with the flour and lightly brown this a little. Mix in the tomato puree and moisten with the white wine and enough stock to cover the meat. Season lightly, cover, and allow to simmer in a warm oven. After cooking for an hour, add the small onions and sliced mushrooms and mix with the meat. Place on top the peeled potatoes which have been cut en olives (in olive-shape) with butter and let it finish cooking in the oven.

Serves 6.  
Cooking time, 1½-2 hours.

## TOMATES A L'ANTIBOISE

3 small tomatoes	lemon juice
3 oz. tuna in oil	2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 oz. butter	1 hard-boiled egg

Hollow out the ripe but firm tomatoes through an opening around the stalk, season with salt, pepper, and vinegar for 1 hour beforehand. Turn upside down and allow to drain. Crush the tuna with a fork and combine with the butter, salt, pepper, and lemon juice, and then the mayonnaise. The puree must be creamy, finely crushed, and well seasoned. Fill the tomatoes with it. Place on a dish garnished with parsley. Decorate with alternate slices of hard-boiled egg-yolk and egg-white.

## OMELETTE AUX POINTES D'ASPERGES (ASPARAGUS OMELET)

8 eggs	6 oz. cooked asparagus
2 oz. butter	

Drain asparagus and cut into 1 in. pieces, reserving tips for garnish. Toss pieces in butter, pour beaten eggs on top, and make omelet in the usual way. Make a slight incision in the middle of the omelet with the point of a knife, put the asparagus tips in it, and pour a very little melted butter on top.

Serves 4.

## Rabbit casserole wins our \$10 prize

● A delightfully savory rabbit casserole in which chicken soup is an ingredient wins the main prize of \$10 in our weekly recipe contest. Consolation prize is awarded for a crisp biscuit.

### SAVORY RABBIT CASSEROLE

1 rabbit	15 oz. can cream of chicken soup
1 onion	2-3 teaspoons curry powder
2 carrots	salt
1 cup stock or water	soft breadcrumbs
2 cups cooked rice	
2 rashers bacon	

Wash and clean rabbit, cut into joints, place in casserole with peeled sliced onion, carrots, water, seasoning. Cover, cook for 1 hour in moderate oven. Remove bones from rabbit; cut flesh into pieces. Mix liquid in which rabbit had been cooking with soup, add curry powder to taste. Place layer of rabbit in

3 oz. sugar  
1 oz. flour  
1 oz. butter  
7 fl. oz. milk

5 egg-yolks  
4 stiffly beaten egg-whites  
vanilla pod

## SOUFFLE A LA VANILLE

Melt the butter, mix with the flour, and immediately add the hot milk, in which vanilla has been steeped. Stir over heat until the mixture thickens and comes to the boil, and draw aside; add the egg-yolks, then carefully fold in the egg-whites. Three-quarter fill a buttered and sugared souffle dish with this mixture, put in a moderate oven. Serve immediately it is cooked. A good method of stopping the souffle from collapsing too quickly is to put it in a shallow water-bath for 10-12 minutes and then to bake it dry till done.

Serves 4-5.

Cooking time, 20-25 minutes.

Hazelnut Souffle: Make in the same way as Vanilla Souffle, but with the addition of 3 oz. lightly roasted, finely ground hazelnuts steeped in the milk.

## BATONS AU CHESTER (Cheshire Cheese Straws)

6 oz. flour	2 tablespoons cream
½ lb. butter	salt, paprika
½ lb. grated cheshire cheese	egg-glazing
1 egg	

Quickly mix all the ingredients into a fairly stiff paste. Season with salt and paprika and leave to stand for 2 hours. Roll out the paste to a thickness of 1-3rd in. and cut up into strips 3 in. wide, which are in turn cut into small sticks ¼ in. wide. Brush with egg and sprinkle with a little extra grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven.

Serves 6.

Cooking time, 6-8 minutes.

## GATEAU ZIGOMAR

5 egg-yolks	14 oz. flour
3 egg-whites	3 oz. Chocolate Butter
3 oz. sugar	Cream
2 oz. chocolate	5 oz. chocolate, extra, for covering
8 oz. Pistachio Butter	
Cream	

Whip the egg-yolks and sugar together. Add the chocolate, which has been melted with a little warm water, in the top of a double saucepan. Fold in the stiffly whipped egg-whites and the flour. Bake in a well-greased and floured sandwich tin in a moderate oven. When cold, slice into three and sandwich with Pistachio Butter Cream. Cover thinly with Chocolate Butter Cream. Cool and cover with melted chocolate.

## CREME ANGLAISE

2 oz. castor sugar	small vanilla pod
2 egg-yolks	½ lb. butter
½ pint milk	

Infuse the vanilla in boiling milk. Cream the sugar and egg-yolks together with a wooden spoon and then slowly stir in the boiling milk. Place over low heat and thicken the custard, stirring all the while, and making sure the custard never boils, which would curdle it. Continue until the custard thickens and begins to coat the wooden spoon. Pass through a sieve and stir until cold. Beat the butter until it is light and fluffy. Gradually add to the custard cream. Divide mixture into 1-3rd and 2-3rd.

Pistachio Butter Cream: Flavor 1-3rd mixture of Creme Anglaise with 2 oz. skinned and finely ground pistachio nuts (or use walnuts).

Chocolate Butter Cream: Flavor 2-3rd mixture of Creme Anglaise with 1½ oz. slightly bitter chocolate melted with a little water.

From "L'Art Culinaire Moderne," by Henri-Paul Follon. Publishers: William Collins Ltd. Price: \$21.00.

## MALT CRISPS

4 oz. butter	½ teaspoon vanilla
½ cup sugar	1½ cups plain flour
2 tablespoons powdered malt	½ teaspoon bicarb. soda
	2 tablespoons hot water

Melt butter in saucepan, add sugar, malt, and vanilla. Stir until well blended. Sift together the flour and bicarbonate of soda, add to mixture alternately with water. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to greased tray. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Makes 1½ dozen.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. D. Shelswell, "Mt. Saltbush," Roma, Qld. 4455.



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stir till boiling. Cool. Spoon drained crushed pineapple into baked  
pastry shell, top with cold jelly. Chill until firm.  
Variation: Substitute one 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple  
Pieces and 1 packet lime-flavoured jelly crystals for the ingred-  
ients in the above recipe. Follow same method.



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English earth, to smell the grass, to stand in the cool of my mother's big larder and touch the bottled fruit on the shelves. But this is Monday, and another day. Clay offered again, this weekend, to buy my ticket home and I'm afraid. I meant those vows I took. I love him, honor him, cherish him. I'm dying here with him, in the vastness and emptiness, under the sun. I should die another death at home, under the grey skies, without him. My father always told me that if I didn't know what to do that meant I must wait. So I wait.

I feed the baby and wash him, and kiss his fuzzy head hard. He is his father's child, a big, fair, fearless boy, already crawling over the threshold toward the horizon.

## A SENSE OF SPACE – THE MAN IS MY GEOGRAPHY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

I dust the bungalow and find another small job to do. I hang out newly washed clothes on the steel clothes-hoist in the back garden. It looks like a spider's web, or a merry-go-round without horses. The clothes begin to steam dry.

Maisie's bungalow is already in a joyous uproar, as she slaps clots of uneven porridge on to chipped plates.

McGuire's voice says, in noisy love and tenderness, "Oh, you lousy cook, Mum. You lousy cook."

She would follow him into the desert if she had to. His

affection is like an arm round her, sustaining her.

There is nothing else to do. I pick up a basket and the baby, and step outside. The sun is like a blow in the face, the dust rises. Outside this clutch of bungalows and people lies sand, spinifex, and vacancy. Flies, sweat, and space. Already my hands are trembling, my mouth dry with panic. I put one foot in front of the other, fighting fear step by step. The train will come on Thursday with provisions, and the mail from home. I shall hear from home on Thursday.

Next weekend Maisie is having the baby while Clay and I go to town to buy Christmas presents. Christmas in Gloucestershire. What will they be doing now? My father comes stamping in, beating his hands together, in the evening chill. My mother takes and gives a kiss, makes an inquiry, her mind already on the dinner ahead. Bob may be calling round to collect a box of apples, which have been picked from the trees in the orchard. Next weekend as we drive through the choking dust and shimmering heat he may be taking his family over for tea. They will sweep up the October leaves and burn them. I can smell the sweet stinging smoke. The boys will light a fire of their own, beg potatoes to roast in the ashes, coax sausages to fry on twigs.

"But I ain't got no cheese," says O'Brien, spreading out his hands.

The panic comes into my throat and mounts to my eyes, spills over. They don't eat cheese out here like we do at home, so cheese has become one more small barrier to erect against the flood of Australia.

"Look, girl," says O'Brien, "if I had cheese I'd give it to you."

But he can't stop me any more than I can. I sit down on an upturned packing-case, holding the baby and shaking from head to foot. As he runs out for Maisie I'm screaming after him:

"It's not the cheese, Mr. O'Brien. It's not the cheese. It's not the cheese."

The baby is wriggling and shrieking, pushing at my wet face with his hands. I know this is bad for him, and I can't stop.

**M** AISIE comes at a heavy trot from the chaos of her kitchen, yelling at poor O'Brien. Puts her fat arm round my shoulders. "Y' ignorant kangaroo!" she shouts at him. "Git out!"

I shall be led away and given draughts of black tea until I'm tired enough to lie down, and she will take the baby. He will sit quietly and contentedly on her vast lap, cradled by her competent embrace. She used to leave me alone, but now we have a new routine. A few weeks ago she walked in when I was talking to the baby, because this child is not growing up without roots if I can help it. I know he doesn't understand, but he loves me to talk and sing, and I love it, too. We go steadily through my childhood, though my old books aren't here and my memory is faulty.

"They went to sea in a Sieve, they did, In a Sieve they went to sea: In spite of all their friends could say, On a winter's morn, on a stormy day, In a Sieve they went to sea!" "What's that mean, f' Pete's sake?" said Maisie, fanning herself.

"It's a nonsense rhyme," said. "I learned it when I was a little girl."

She gets it all wrong, of course, and slaps her knees and roars, but she enjoys the poems as much as the baby does—and probably in the same way.

"F' Pete's sake," she says, "why the heck go t' sea in a flamin' sieve?"

And now I am faced with strong tea and kindness. She sits by the bed, fanning me and herself alternately, and her gooseberry-green eyes come a shy look.

"What about it?" she asks coyly, and I begin.

"And everyone said, who was them go, 'O won't they be soon you know!"

For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long, And happen what may, it's extremely wrong In a Sieve to sail so fast!"

Maisie is grinning her head off, and the baby is making unintelligible noises and clapping his hands together, and I'm crying again.

"Now, now," says Maisie kindly, for her patience is exhausted and she can carry any number of burdens. "Go on with this stupid poem, will ya?"

So I'm crying and laughing, and she's laughing, and the baby is laughing, and the water is pouring in through the holes in the sieve. But the Jumbies are very brave, whistling and warbling a moony song, buying Rice and a Cranberry Tart.

"And forty bottles of Ring-Ree,

Ree, And no end of Stilton Cheese."

I falter at the cheese, but something in Maisie's eyes keeps me on, although my chin is shaking again.

"Far and few, far and few, Are the lands where the Jumbies live;

Their heads are green, and their hands are blue.

And they went to sea in a Sieve.

And in twenty years they came back.

In twenty years or more, And every one said, 'How they've grown!

For they've been to the Laid and the Terrible Zone, And the hills of the Chank-Bore!

And they drank their beer, and gave them a feast.

Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;

And every one said, 'I've only live,

We, too, will go to sea in a Sieve—

To the hills of the Chank-Bore!"

Something occurs to me that is dreadful, and I grab Maisie's freckled hand.

"Don't go away and leave me here, Maisie," I say.

"Promise you won't leave Veronica."

"Aw, who's leavin' you?" she shouts, and her face is the face of kindness and complete comprehension. "There's hundreds better'n me, you know that. Why, Australia's better with us. This is a better country."

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## READER'S STORIES

A Sydney reader, KATHLEEN GREY, who wrote both these stories, came to Australia as a migrant nearly 14 years ago. "From time to time protests about conditions in migrant hostels arise, and are dismissed mostly as the 'whinging of disgruntled Pommies.' But," she says, "improvements in the hostels and the scheme to build flats for new arrivals have come about because people had the courage to raise their voices in protest."

Mrs. Grey and her family lived in hostels for four years, and were given their start by a loan of £1 by a camp welfare officer — "proving," she says, "that Immigration does care." Her second story is a tribute to her indomitable, elderly migrant mother.

# The £1 that saved the day

AT the beginning of the post-war migration plan, the hostels scheme was the only way migrants with young families could be brought en masse into Australia.

Most families, like ourselves, with children and keen to come to Australia, were glad of the hostel scheme, and determined to make the best of it. Although I moved out after four years, I would not have grumbled about a longer stay.

We arrived in Sydney in 1954 with four children, from two to 12 years. My husband had been unemployed for six months before we sailed from Lancashire. We were flat broke, except for £2/10/- lodged with Immigration.

After moving into East Hills Hostel, this paltry sum melted away, like snow on a hot skillet, on such mundane necessities as soap, toothpaste, and tea.

Then my husband, anxious to find a job, had to go into the city for interviews, and make a second train journey for a medical and X-rays. To our dismay, this swallowed up the last few shillings!

He was to start work with the Water Board the following Monday—and we hadn't a solitary farthing to buy a weekly rail ticket. What a position to be in!

My husband wandered restlessly about the nissen hut in a rage of frustration and despair. What could he do? Ask strangers for a loan? This he flatly refused to do.

Oh, the irony of it. Here was the first solid offer of employment for six months, and it seemed he wouldn't be able to start.

As I couldn't bear my husband's worried and humiliated face any longer, I left the hut and went purposefully across the camp to the manager's office.

I explained our dilemma to him, and asked if there was a welfare officer available.

To my great surprise he said there was and, what was more, she was in the camp that very afternoon.

Buoyed with sudden hope, I approached her hut eagerly, but, as she bade me enter, my heart started to thud with apprehension, and my courage almost deserted me. My husband would be furious!

"Five minutes in the country and I'm begging," I thought to myself. I almost turned tail and ran.

But the voice was warm and kind, the face smiling and friendly as she offered me a seat and asked my name.

My nervousness vanished, and I told her of our difficulty. Immediately she opened a cashbox, and handed me a pound note. Astounded and profoundly grateful, I assured her it would be repaid.

Smiling, she shook her head. "No, you have no need to pay it back. The Commonwealth provides a special fund for new settlers in need."

How grateful we both were, and what an encouraging start this was in our new country.

Although my husband's suit was threadbare and the soles of his shoes were worn thin, he started work with a glad heart and high hopes for the future.

The going since then has been rough at times, but we have never, never been so hard up or so low in spirits as we were that day, nearly 14 years ago, until that kindly welfare officer gave that first, never to be forgotten, Australian pound to start us off.

WE had been in Australia for four years, and had moved out of the hostel. My married sister was newly arrived here, but my two brothers had migrated to Canada.

Our mother was widowed and alone in England, so we begged her to come out. She is an active person, and loves her independence, and she hesitated about giving up her little, cosy house.

However, life was very lonely for her after we had all scattered across the world. So, reluctantly and full of misgivings, she decided to come.

She arrived one December, just before her 70th birthday. The weather was roasting hot at Seven Hills, where we then lived, and the mossies were predatory and vicious.

Poor Mum. They attacked her soft Irish skin with whines of thirsty joy.

Only one of her bedroom windows was screened, and because it was so hot she got up through the night and opened the unscreened one. The mosquitoes nearly ate her alive.

And she nearly ate us the next day. All her Irish was up. She raved at us for bringing her out to be eaten alive by "buzzards" as she slept.

She said we were stark, raving mad for living in such a godforsaken place, and SHE was going to move to civilisation. She stormed out of the house, shaking with rage, and was gone about two hours.

She returned in a calmer state of mind mollified at discovering that Blacktown was not an Aboriginal camp, but a shopping centre with a cool little pub!

● **Granny's first reaction to Australia and its mosquitoes was to go storming off in search of "civilisation." So, at nearly 70, she found herself a job.**



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Vol. 1



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AUSTRALIAN POST OFFICE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 21, 1964



# NIGHT FLIGHT

By ROBERTA YATES



LAURA BRENT was trying to keep the sobs out of her voice as she said, "I'll take the night flight if that's the first one I can get." The impersonal airline voice said: "You can pick up your ticket at the Honolulu Airport."

Laura rang off and looked out the hotel window at Waikiki Beach, where hundreds of people were enjoying themselves. Only Laura was left out.

She knew it was her fault. The people on the tour were friendly enough, but she was shy and stiff and unbending, just as she was in her own hometown. A woman who has spent ten years caring for an invalid father finds herself regimented to duty without pleasure. But she had hoped for so much enjoyment from this trip.

Now she would cut her losses. She had invented a tour for the tour director about a sick aunt. Hawaii, with its navy-blue and turquoise sea, its palms and cloud-capped mountains, might be the most beautiful place in the world, but she hated it. The sooner away the better.

The lights in the plane were low. She took her aisle seat, noting that a man sat beside her. The stewardess paused with a trolley of bottles.

"A drink may help you to sleep," she said.

"Well, why not? The man took one and so did Laura. It burned and then warmed her. The jet zoomed upward and Waikiki fell away in a fairyland of twinkling lights.

"It's lovely," she said to the man, suddenly animated, and flushed at her own boldness.

He smiled at her. He was distinguished looking, with a little grey in his hair and laughter lines at his eyes. He was probably 40 to her 35, she thought. He was also probably married to a charming wife, she thought, too, a shade bitterly.

"Waikiki isn't a bad place," he commented.

The stewardess flicked off the lights. Laura turned up her collar against the air-conditioning, averted her head, and closed her eyes. Of course, she wouldn't sleep sitting up, yet she dreamed absurdly that someone was kissing her and she awakened suddenly. The window had lightened and the clouds were like a marble floor on which one could walk toward the rising sun. She wondered who had put a pillow under her head. Then she sat up, horrified. She had been sleeping with her head on the man's shoulder. Luckily he didn't realise. He was still asleep.

The stewardess appeared with coffee.

"You change in Los Angeles for Chicago and Indianapolis, don't you, Miss Brent?" she asked. "And you, Mr. Quade?"

The man took a gulp of coffee.

"I change for Indianapolis, too," he said.

The stewardess hesitated; then she said: "I'll make a note of it."

The man gave Laura his friendly smile. "If we're going all the way, let's introduce ourselves," he suggested. "I'm Arthur Quade. Export business out of Honolulu."

Laura was still embarrassed from last night.

"I'm Laura Brent," she managed.

Then the plane landed and, during the wait at the airport, he disappeared. He got aboard late and was seated several places away from her, but he waved. At Chicago the plane emptied and only a few people got on for the Indianapolis flight. He moved to a seat beside her.

He seemed determined to be friendly and not be put off by Laura's chilliness. He told her that his wife was dead; that he had a grown son in college in California;

that he hoped to get an Indianapolis outlet for some Hawaiian-made porch furniture.

"Now you know everything about me," he said. "What about you?"

"My father was an invalid. I took care of him until he died a year ago," Laura said.

"Will you have time to show me the town?"

"There isn't much. The Monument. The City-County Building."

"No nightclubs? No shows?"

"There may be something at our new auditorium."

"I'll rent a car and we can drive around and look at corn fields."

She laughed. This man was shaking her out of her rigid attitude. He acted as though he really liked her, but that was a silly idea. He scarcely knew her. And she must look dreadful after the long trip and with little sleep. But when she reached home she was surprised to see that her eyes were shining and her cheeks wore a becoming flush. Why, she even looked younger.

The next week passed like a dream, and Laura had to keep reminding herself that it was a dream. Arthur took her to a nightclub and to dinner several times.

She remembered back to days when she had been popular in high school and college, days before the regimented years. But she must not make a 35-year-old fool of herself. She must remember that Arthur Quade was here for a brief business trip. He would return to Hawaii and she would never see him again.

He had concluded a deal with a leading department store to market his furniture. He told her about his home near Honolulu. He told her he liked Hemingway and Western movies and fried chicken.

She tried it for him the night she asked him to her home for dinner. Of course, all this was a dream, but she wanted him to know that she was a good housewife.

And so they came to the last evening. He was flying back to Hawaii tomorrow. They had a booth at a Chinese restaurant and Laura broke her rigid rule and ordered a cocktail.

It burned and then warmed her as had the brandy that night on the plane. She found herself remembering her dream of a kiss and awakening to find she had been sleeping with her head on his shoulder.

"I wish you weren't going," she said suddenly.

The armor had cracked. There were tears in her eyes, foolish tears that would make him pity her.

Instead he put his hands across the table and took hers and held them firmly.

"So you are human after all," he said. "I was sure of it that first night and then I didn't dare tell you how I felt. I was afraid you'd laugh."

"I'm not laughing. I'm crying," said Laura.

"I know middle-aged love at first sight sounds ridiculous, but that's how it was with me. When you slept on my shoulder on the plane, you looked so young and defenceless, as though you needed someone to take care of you. I kissed you very lightly, but it awakened you and I pretended to be asleep."

"I thought I dreamed it."

"I was stopping in Los Angeles, but I managed a ticket on here. Laura, you scarcely know me, but I'll write. I'll be back."

Laura said nothing. In the face of a dream come true, there are no words.

"You've said you dislike Hawaii. We can live in Los Angeles if you'd prefer."

"Hawaii?" Laura exclaimed indignantly. "I love Hawaii. It's the most beautiful place in the world."

(Copyright)

Just when life seemed so dull, a chance encounter on a plane was destined to bring Laura unexpected joy

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## Useful household hints from readers

● These practical hints will save time and money for mothers and housewives. They give useful tips on sewing, cleaning, cooking, and renovating. Each one wins a \$2 prize for a reader.

**D**ON'T discard small daughter's dress. Cut it off at the waist and seam ends across. Insert coat-hanger at neck, and you have a peg bag. — Ann Milliner, 32 Sellheim St., The Grange, Qld. 4051.

Make an attractive and serviceable bath mat by buying an extra towel to match your others and stitching it to an old towel of the same size, with a piece of  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in.-thick sponge rubber or plastic foam in between. This is easy to wash and dry. — Mrs. K. Maperson, 118 Barber St., Gundah, N.S.W. 2380.

A half-gallon ice-cream tin makes a handy knitting bag. Cover the tin with a drawstring bag about 12 in. high. The tin will keep steady on the base of the bag and hold the wool while you knit. — Mrs. L. Hall, "Bungaree", Coolabah, N.S.W. 2743.

A simple and effective treatment for scratches on furniture is to leave a cloth soaked in linseed oil on the scratched part for an hour or so, then rub well at once with furniture polish. — Mrs. B. I. Willis, 80 Bilsen Rd., Wavell Heights, Qld. 4012.

To prevent dark socks catching up fluff in the washing-machine, place them in an old nylon stocking and tie it at the top. — Mrs. J. Taylor, 143 Birken St., Bedford, W.A. 6052.

The index volume of any set of reference books is often difficult to extract from the shelf and suffers damage in the process. Overcome this by dragging an old stocking round the book before returning it to its place. Trim off stocking ends, leaving only an inch or two protruding on either side of book. Simply pull stocking ends to remove the book. — Mrs. E. M. Tyson, 1 Neville St., Mentone Sth, Vic. 3194.

When buying bottles for newborn babies for the first time, buy two different shapes, and keep one shape exclusively for each twin. You will know instantly which bottle to give each child. — Mrs. Barbara Horwood, 58 Chapman St., Sunshine, Vic. 3020.

An old stroller or pram with a basket fitted inside makes a good laundry trolley. — Mrs. I. King, 18 Clarke St., Narrabri, N.S.W. 2391.

Crushed egg-shells will bleach linen that has become yellow with age and rust spots. Tie crushed shells in a calico bag and boil with the yellowed linen. When marks have gone, wash linen in usual way. — Mrs. M. Linnane, 101 Stewart St., Bundaberg, Qld. 4670.

I use a bobby pin (hair clip) if I have to hold less than a dozen stitches while knitting. Being small, it does not get in the way of the main knitting, and the stitches are easily slipped off. — Mrs. H. J. Blukacz, 3 Russell St., Tailem Bend, S.A. 5261.

Beat eggs lightly before adding to a stiff fruit pudding or fruit-cake mixture. The eggs will then be much easier to mix in. — Mrs. L. H. Richards, 26 Clonwick Rd., Bardon, Qld. 4063.

During play children often pull each other's jumpers, breaking the foundation threads. To make mending easier, knit jumpers thus: Knit basque, cast off, turn basque upside down; pick up stitches along row and resume knitting garment. When threads are broken, simply unravel a few rows, knit up rows again (with contrasting wool if necessary), and cast off. This gives a much neater finish. — Mrs. J. Chalmers, 50 Neptune St., Umina, N.S.W. 2257.

To the rescue:

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Save yourself the trouble of messy feeding! Just tip K9 Meaty Kiblets into your dog's dish. It's the easy, economical, modern way to give him the very best diet possible.

K9 Meaty Kiblets are not only more nourishing than steak, they have essential vitamins, minerals, and other nutrients simply not found in meat at all. So — come to the aid of your budget and guard your dog's good health by serving complete nourishment in the most convenient form.

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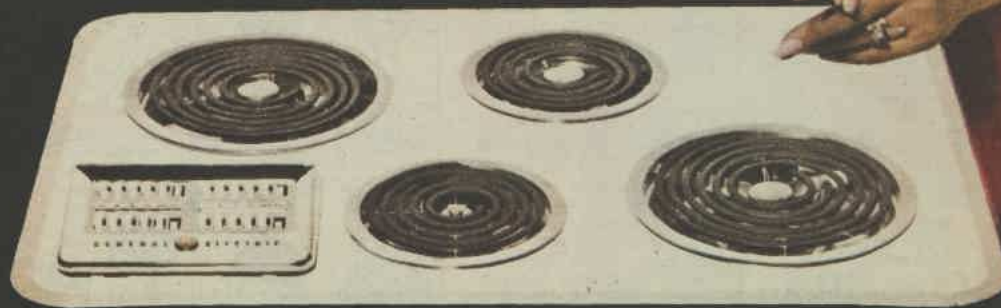
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## Beautify Your Hair

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It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors — including over-exertion and unsuitable diet.

Neglect — and reliance on superficial relief — invites serious medical consequences. Eight years' Swiss research developed Varemoid Tablets — now regarded by overseas specialists as a leading adjunct in the treatment of piles. Improvement was recorded with patients many of whom had suffered for a number of years. A week's course can convince you. Ask your family chemist for Varemoid.

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## De Witt's Pills

● Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

# Dream of life



## LETTERS

● It is amazing how an aim in life can brighten one's outlook. Living in Tasmania, I have always dreamed of seeing the mainland, and soon my dream will be fulfilled. Next, my ambition is to tour the U.S.A. The more I think and dream about it the more determined and positive I am that my dream will eventually come true. I believe that if you want something badly, and wish for it hard enough, it will happen one day. Everyone should have a pet ambition in life, for just believing in something makes one look forward to the future with happiness and determination.

— K. EASTLEY, Burnie, Tas.

## Farmer's privilege?

IN J. Willicombe's letter (January 17) it was said that kangaroos should not be shot. This is partly wrong, as the kangaroo is the destroyer of thousands of dollars worth of crops. I think that farmers should be allowed to shoot the kangaroos which annoy them, but that other people should be forbidden to kill these animals, which are unique to this country. — P. Moody, Salisbury, S.A.

## Right attitude

IT is common knowledge that Australia's Aborigines receive very shabby treatment. People are most concerned, but say that they themselves cannot do anything to help. This is not true. The attitude of the average Australian could help. A good start would be to replace the word "Abo" with "Aboriginal." Every human deserves respect, and color should not exclude people from this right. — Mary L. McNamara, Pascoe Vale, Vic.

## False pretences

PEOPLE who go around asking others for money, posing as charity collectors, but filling their own pockets, lack all human feelings except greed. It is no wonder that many people are reluctant to contribute to truly worthy causes, for often it is difficult to tell if a collection is genuine — a problem shared with \$10 notes. — M. Caligeros, Dubbo North, N.S.W.

## WORD-PLAY

■ Instead of gazing idly out of windows at familiar scenery as you travel to and from school, set yourself to learn something that will complement your present studies. If it is a language you are out to conquer, each day write three new words and their meanings on a slip of paper small enough to carry round in your ticketholder. On reaching school, they will be familiar, on reaching home you will know them. By the end of the week you will have added 15 new words to your vocabulary. — Heidi Hayes, Northmead, N.S.W.

## Death trap

WHY are old cars made easily available to teenagers? They should be turned into scrap metal, and small, modern, and inexpensive models placed on the market to suit the income of the teenager. Driving would be much safer and more pleasant if roads were not cluttered up with old cars. — Ursula Leyden, Grace-mere, Qld.

## Fruitful discovery

SWIMMING, of course, can make one hungry, and as I did a considerable amount of swimming at the

THIS is an open letter to all teenagers. I have just spent 13 wonderful days on a cruise to Noumea and Suva, 4590 miles by sea, at a cost of a little over \$200. Now this isn't a lot for young people to save, and I feel it has been a wonderful education. Noumea, with its old French architecture, is lovely. But the warm, friendly welcome given to all at Suva is something I will never forget. And I will never stop urging people to see a little of the wonders that the world offers. — Vi Harris, Wavell Heights, Qld.

beach, I often spent my money on fish and chips. Soon I realised I was getting fatter and came to the conclusion that it was the chips. So now when I am hungry, instead of running to the fish shop, I buy fruit. — Lizabeth Olsen, Oakagee, W.A.

## GO-MANGO



● Well, there we are... according to the experts, the stage is all set for yet another fashion revolution.

They say that the mini-skirt will fall, literally, and that Bonnie and Clyde styles will come in with a blaze of glory.

Or, should I say, blaze of gory?

For the strange thing is that, while no one could criticise the modesty of the "new" female fashion ("oldies" better not; they wore 'em!), the inspiration for the styles could certainly be frowned on.

Bonnie and Clyde, of course, were bloodthirsty gangsters.

However, I've no doubt that many people will imitate the crazy couple—in dress only, I hope.

Therefore I want to stake my claim as a contributor to the trend.

I have designed headgear to rival Bonnie's berets.

I call them Scarface Mobcaps.

Then I have drawn patterns for very expensive, jewelled stockings.

I have filed the plans under Legs, Diamond.

If a city lass wants to make a killing in the country she can buy my out-of-town hoods.

● It's not such a knotty problem...

# MAKING A TIE? EASY!

TIES are big fashion news on the Continent, and already Australia is catching on to the idea.

Worn long and wide, they make a great finish to a front-buttoned dress with a collar, or teamed with a tailored suit and shirt.

Easy to make, they can be cut from material 54in. long by 12in. wide. (You could join two pieces to get the length; the pattern doesn't have to match, as the join will be covered by your collar.)

Cut a piece of paper 54in. by 12in., and rule it in 6in. squares. Draw the pattern, using the diagram (right) as a guide.

## Contrasting patterns

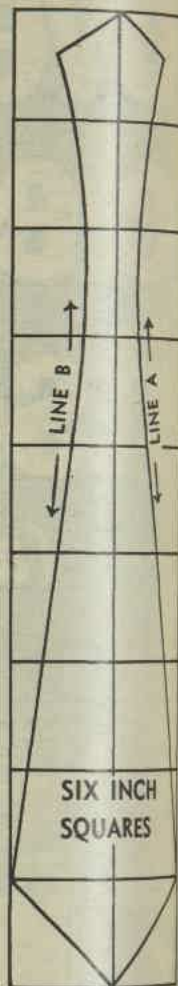
Place pattern on length of fabric and cut out. Machine stitch lines A and B together on the wrong side, turn right way out, and press flat so that the seam runs down the centre back.

To finish the upper and lower peaks, you can either hand roll them, machine stitch a hem, or fringe them.

Go crazy with contrasting patterns, fabrics, and colors. Use one design for your dress, and a completely different one for your tie.

If you have a silk tie that tends to blow about, losing its chic, anchor it to the bodice of your dress with a fancy gold tie pin.

— SUE O'FLAHERTIE



ROUND

ROBIN



Adair

# BE LIKE BONNIE: DRESS TO KILL!

There are also get-away car-coats.

All my clothes are made up by seamstresses who in zig-zags.

When you are making criminal fashions you want crooked person, not one who goes straight.

I call my fashion business the Big House of Adair.

I hope I haven't offended any fair dinkum, living creature. It's not the weather for me to wear an overcoat.

Particularly a concrete one!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 21, 1964



# MY BROKEN ENGAGEMENT . . .

By ROBYN SHERWOOD

**S**O your engagement is over; all your planning and dreaming have amounted to nothing. You've taken off the ring and now you feel terribly lost.

It makes no difference if it was you or your ex-fiance who ended your engagement — it's still a shattering blow to your pride and confidence.

Right now you probably think that life is going to be empty from here on. Don't be silly! You'll get over this, just as you managed to survive all those other broken romances along the road to growing up.

No matter how unhappy you are **DON'T MOPE**. Sitting around lamenting about what has happened isn't going to help you at all; you'll only make yourself twice as miserable.

Don't spend hours going through the goodies in your glory box and thinking about what might have been. You need to forget about sheets and towels and recipes. Start thinking about a **NEW YOU**.

My very first "act of freedom" after my engagement was broken was to have my hair cut very short — the way I'd wanted it for ages, but my ex-fiance liked me with long hair. My new hairdo was a great morale booster.

Spend some of that money you were saving for house-type things on beaut new clothes.

Don't let what people will think worry you. After all, an engagement is only a sort of testing time. When people tell me they're sorry about what has happened, my stock answer is: "I'd rather have a broken engagement than a divorce." And who wouldn't?

You can be very sure of one thing — your friends will rally around you. Mine have been marvellous. Don't be embarrassed about accepting invitations. People don't ask you if they don't want you.

## ● Don't chase another

Accept invitations, go out, and, for goodness' sake, don't compare every man you meet with **HIM**.

One thing you must avoid like poison for a while is the shop with a bridal display in the window. Looking at pretty white dresses and veils and thinking "if only" can be sheer torture. I know — I've tried it.

Don't make catching another man your one purpose in life. It's so easy to do this when you've been used to the security of having someone who's always there to take you wherever you want to go. But you have to learn to stand on your own two feet, and **NOW** is the time.

The right man will come along, just don't expect him to be the first one you meet. Learn to enjoy the company of lots of people; you'll find it a novel experience after being tied down.

Your family will probably want to spoil you at first, and if you're anything like me you'll just want to be left alone to pretend that nothing has happened. Let them coddle you, they feel that they should.

What about all that pretty underwear that's packed away in your trousseau? Wear it. New underwear is such lovely stuff that it's a shame to waste it. All except that special nightgown that you were saving for your wedding night—give that one away.

Don't feel that you have to explain to everyone the reason for your break-up. I've found that it's quite sufficient to say: "We decided that it just wouldn't work out!" This doesn't put the blame on either side.

If, like me, you have the material for your wedding dress, give it away. Or, failing that, put it at the very back of your darkest cupboard and forget it.

One thing you must do is accept that it's over. Unless you **REALLY** think that there is a chance for a reconciliation, don't keep seeing your ex-fiance, or indulge in long telephone conversations with him. It won't do either of you any good, and you'll be upset for hours afterwards.

All this isn't going to be easy, and you'll probably be acting most of the time, but it will be worth it. You have to start afresh and you can't do that by shutting yourself away and feeling sorry for yourself.

And remember, hearts don't really get broken; they get a little bent, but not broken. And, given half a chance, they mend very quickly.

For teenagers





'This is the year  
of the Curl...  
Darling!'

*and with Fashion Quick  
a Curl can't go wrong!*

Fashion Quick is a curl treatment for the hair. Don't say Home Perm, darling. Sounds too...last year! Fashion Quick is easy to use. Neat. Fast (25 minutes!). Gives shape and body to your hair. A bold hold to your set. Fashion Quick wave lotion is lavished with lanolin to keep hair polished with nourishment. The conditioning foam neutralizer is in a ready-to-use squeeze bottle. Easy! No fuss—no frizz—just soft silky curls to toss and tumble!



ONLY \$1.45

ANNE GORDON, Richard Hudnut's Hair Care expert says: "hair that's been treated with Fashion Quick can do anything! Change

style every week! Of course, length and condition of hair is important." For personal advice, write: Anne Gordon, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W. 2163.

# The remodelling of Hector

By ALAN JAMES



It took courage to change his ways,  
but once the decision was made he  
found it had to be all or nothing

**H**ECTOR HAMMOND travelled daily by train from the suburbs and by tube to the Bank. Here he got out and joined the bustling throng for a two-hundred-yard walk to his office, where he spent the day in a quiet and uneventful routine that involved a great deal of initialling of pro formas ready for his boss, Mr. Francis, to sign.

Hector was, alas, nothing very much in the city. Moreover, he was thirty-nine and saw himself, ten months off his fortieth birthday, well down the long, slow glide to middle-age.

Hector was a realist and, though he travelled hopefully, had given up any idea of ever arriving anywhere very spectacular. Banking for him had produced no rich rewards, and it was to his garden that he turned for solace.

But then a poster, a piece of subtle advertising art, showing a shirt with a buttoned-down collar in a smart mid-blue started him on a revolutionary trail. Each morning he saw the poster's printed gaiety and each morning he liked it more and more. It was that dangerous time of the year, the spring.

Father of a sixteen-year-old son and a fifteen-year-old daughter, he was well used to the sartorial exuberance of the young. He had watched with quiet fascination the fantastic development of his children's taste—if that's what it was—in clothes and hairstyles. He had lectured, bawled, and begged for what he saw as reason.

Mark, his son, was currently resplendent in his father's army tunic, complete with corporal's chevrons, to which had been added a full colonel's crown and pips, and an emblem that read "Canadian Ordnance Corps" crudely stitched to the breast-pocket. Nothing was sacred.

And his daughter, Julie—he blushed to think of the non-length of her tiny skirts. He had at first forbidden her to leave the house dressed in this way, but his wife

had not lent him her support, so this was a battle lost.

Each day the brilliant poster beckoned. Each day Hector was more enamored of the colored shirt. Each day it wrought a subtle change in his own feelings for the outfits of his children and their friends. He began to find innocent pleasure in the sight of the long, slim legs of Julie and her friends. Even when his son's companion came home in guardsman's uniform he had to admit that "it was a bit of fun."

Then his evening paper, bought to feed the mind on the tiresome journey home, pushed him over the edge. A small advertisement for a correspondence course displayed the magic words: SHAPE YOUR OWN DESTINY.

And what is wrong, Hector asked himself, with a rounded-corner, buttoned-down shaped destiny?

Next day, after his modest sandwich lunch, he bought the shirt and in the evening tried it on. Nice, very nice. But somehow less exciting than he had hoped. Of course, the tie.

Next day he searched for something to go with the shirt, without success. He would go west. Carnaby Street? Hector shuffled away from the thought. But Cloning Cross Road would be a reasonable compromise. Shirt in box, he plucked up courage and went into a shop with ties of every splendid shape and color.

He didn't hear the boy behind the counter whisper: "What's for Daddy?"

Shyly, he showed the shirt and mumbled: "Something blue, with flowers." He fingered the rich harvest pulled from the racks with a practised flick.

And one with little blue flowers, slim and full of promise, did seem rather nice. He winced a little at the price, but Hector's blood was up. He would shape his own destiny, shape it with rounded corners and with small blue flowers.

To page 72



# PLEASE READ TOGETHER:



1. My children should have all the advantages.
2. Only Schweppes mixers are good enough for me.
3. Therefore, only Schweppes soft drinks are good enough for my children.
4. Why complicate things?

**SCHWEPPES: EQUAL RIGHTS FOR CHILDREN**





**SO YOU AND FOOD DON'T AGREE...?**

Now you can eat what you like, free of indigestion, thanks to the balanced formula of

**DeWitt's**

ANTACID POWDER OR TABLETS

**THE BOYFRIEND**



"I'm collecting for our club waste-paper drive — have you any old newspapers, magazines, dollar bills...?!"

## THE REMODELLING OF HECTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

Home again, the little house was overfull with his wife and children, their friends, and noisy music everywhere. It was a relief to tackle the greenfly with a cooling stream of derris-water. After the house was quiet, his wife in the bath, he unwrapped his parcels — shirt and tie. Beside his present wardrobe they looked alien, but desirable.

In front of the mirror he studied the effect. His heart sank. He looked terrible. Despondent, he untied the tie, watching his own sad, slow movements in the mirror. Then he knew the answer. His

hair was totally and completely wrong. There was still plenty of it, thank goodness. Something could be done — something like one of those chaps on television. Something different, anyway.

Back to the West End next day, he window-shopped for the barber who was going to style his hair, who was really going to stop the rot and banish Hector the underdog for ever.

Not a habitue of Soho, Hector spent a fascinating ten minutes up and down Greek, Frith, and Dean Streets, passing with eyes not quite

averted from facades decked with undraped ladies, with seedy barkers assuring him "The show's on now, boys!"

In Dean Street he found a barber, Italian, with pictures of hairstyles in the window. Hector quickly decided on the cut he wanted, but in the chair the hairdresser dashed his hopes.

"Notta nuff hair," he said scornfully. Hector thought. But the barber, who must have changed many a life by reshaping heads, was so successful and suggested that means to Hector's end. He combed the hair forward, obliterating the parting, cut in a fringe, combed the side boards straight down and snipped, to make a difference. Hector. It was hard for him sitting in the chair under the confining drape. Most of the time he sat with lowered eyes, not daring to look at what the man with the scissors was doing.

Button-down collared shirts and flowered ties you can have in secret. But change the shape of your hair completely and you're a marked man. Hector hadn't really considered this aspect of his adventure, and when he hurried back to the office, he was breathless. It was only the fact that Mr. Francis was furious with him that prevented him from noticing the ill-concealed titters from the Typing Pool.

The afternoon dragged. Hector was anxious to try the effect of all his changes. He went home. On the train he met Mr. Wedgwood, a nice man at the Parish Church who looked at him most odd.

By a happy stroke of fate the house was empty. He had supper, on a plate surrounded by a tin cover, was in the oven, drying rapidly. He did not waste this precious

## What to say when people ask you why you don't fly.

1. Tell your friends you really do prefer to drive, no matter how far or for how long. Say it gives you a sense of freedom, of power! Assure them that you heed that. Remind them of the thrill of authority it gives you to cry, "fill 'er up," and the many, many times you get to say it on a long trip. Ignore them when they ask if that isn't a little expensive.
2. Add that you like the reassuring signs of old-world courtesy that linger out there on the highways and byways. You follow a sign that says, "Sound your horn—the road is yours," on the rear of a giant semi-trailer. You feel this gesture makes the world a better place. Rather than leave it, you stay in behind.
3. Don't forget to mention that you like being able to get up and go when you want to. Up early to miss the traffic—with all the others who got up early to miss the traffic.
4. Hook a thumb in your belt and declare that you're a pioneer at heart. All for adventure. Never knowing where you are to sleep that night, or whether you'll be able to in the bed you finally find.
5. Carefully explain how you like to take along all the luggage you want—even though you mightn't need it. You didn't buy a roof-rack for nothing. It's fun, fun, fun to travel heavy.

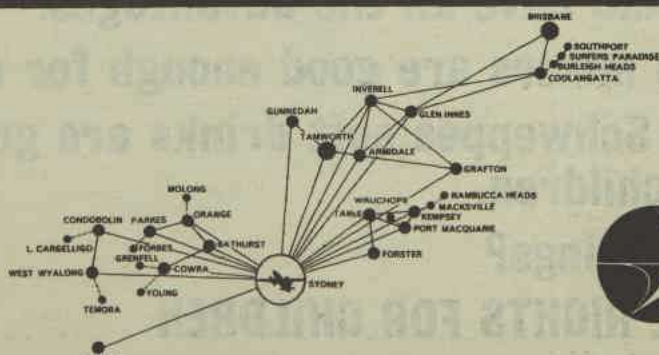
6. Insist shyly that you're just mad about trains. You wanted to be an engine driver when you were a child, and you've never got over it. You still think of them affectionately as "choo choos," and their "clickety clack" is a melody to you. Say you wouldn't miss a moment on those quaint little out-of-the-way sidings where "choo choos" always seem to stop.
7. Place a gum leaf behind your ear and tell them you're a true nature lover, really. You enjoy seeing the countryside, out there where there's so much to see—like billboards, speed signs, and the number on the car in front and the car in front of the car in front and the car in front of...
8. Point out how you enjoy meeting people when you travel. Talking to garage men, tow truck men and men who write you tickets for parking where you shouldn't or going a little fast.
9. Stand tall, and tell them you are not a servant of time. You enjoy taking a day or so getting somewhere an airline will get you in an hour or so. (Of course, airlines do more than just get you there. Simply ask and we'll have an Avis car to meet you.)
10. A final word of warning. Don't, whatever you do, say you can't afford to fly. It sounds so poverty stricken, and does nothing at all for your image. Besides, there's

the chance your friends have already flown with us. They'll know how little it costs to fly, and how we take off 10% of the fare when you take-off with a group of ten or more. Things like that.

11. Learn a little more about this airline of yours. We fly regularly on the network below, and on Air Tours, too, for a day, a week or longer. Check with us on one of these for your next holiday.

12. Whenever you travel, call us. 2-0376 in Sydney (24 hrs.). Write from anywhere to East-West Airlines, 55 Elizabeth Street, Sydney 2000. Or ask your Travel Agent—he has all the answers.

# Going our way?



Fly-drive East-West Airlines and Avis Rent-a-Car



348AWW

## FROM THE BIBLE

● Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee: he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

— Deuteronomy 31:6

of privacy—for the note from Marie, his wife, had said they'd all be home by half past eight—he ate hastily without awareness of his food. Then upstairs, into the bedroom, he took off his shirt and tie and, key pressed—there in the mirror he

He stared at himself, first doubtfully. Then he smiled with gratification. It was it! He was great! He was gas!

He paraded the room for a while and then, greatly daring, went downstairs. There was no one at home. He needed just a little courage to walk into the living room. Hector felt great. He picked up his son's guitar and made a terrible din. He put a record on the record-player. "Let's give it a whirl," he said, in what he hoped was the right jargon.

The current Number One hit was going full-blown. Marie put her key in the door.

"Are you in there, dear?" she called in the frosty voice that suited her ample preparations. Hector had dismissed the uncomfortable thought that she might not come "go" with his new appearance.

He walked out of the sitting-room into the bedroom, confronting his family with his glory. Marie, in a feathered hat and light

To page 74



# Sweet Hazardous Home

By LORIMER HAMMOND

EDGAR WALLER looked at his wife and said, "Take care now, Lucy. Be very careful or you'll break your neck." His wife was up on a stepladder, hanging the new lace curtains. She said, "Never you mind about my neck! Just tell me if I've fixed these drapes so they hang straight."

"Straight enough," said Edgar. "Try not to wobble the ladder. I wish you wouldn't undertake such risky stunts at your age. You should have had me climb up there to do that job."

"Oh, rats!" Lucy sputtered. "I'm two years younger than you are," she declared, "and twice as spry. So what do you mean wishing I wouldn't get up on a stepladder at my age? You're the one who ought to watch out for yourself. Not me." Edgar nodded solemnly. "Both of us, dear, are exposed day and night to the menacing menace of household harm. I've seen recent reports made by medical experts. Their research shows that home-own-home has become a perilous area full of booby traps that threaten constant danger to life and limb. According to the latest survey, the better your home is furnished the more dangerous it is to live in."

Lucy wasn't listening. She leaned sideways to view the effect of the curtains in perspective. "These new drapes," she said, "make our rugs look shabby. We need new ones!"

Unbalanced by her leaning, the ladder wobbled, teetered, tottered. Lucy was falling. She yelped.

"There you go!" cried Edgar. "Didn't I warn you not to wobble?" He hurried to Lucy's rescue.



Edgar rushed to his wife's rescue as she swayed perilously on the ladder.

"Save me, save me!" she squealed.

Edgar managed to grab hold of the stepladder so that Lucy came sliding down from her perch instead of tumbling head over heels. But the hardwood floors had been waxed so shiny, to complement the tastefulness of the scatter rugs, that Edgar's leap toward the ladder caused his feet to

skid out from under him. He and Lucy landed on the floor together in a tangle of floundering arms and legs.

"Ouch!" she said.

"Are you hurt, darling?" he asked her.

"Not too bad. Nothing serious. Did you get hurt, Edgar dear?"

"No," grunted Edgar, struggling to his feet and helping Lucy to hers. "But you might have broken your neck."

"What's the use of worrying?" Lucy said philosophically. "We've survived a little bump of fate. That's all that happened."

"By sheer luck that's all that happened," Edgar protested. "The unexpected dangers that catch us off guard right here around the house are getting worse all the time as we grow older and can afford to spend more money on home furnishings. Among people in our circumstances, the research authorities say the risk has increased from four percent to nearly seven percent. That's what I was trying to tell you when you weren't listening."

"Well, I'm listening now," snapped Lucy, "and, no matter what the authorities say, I don't see how they figure that nicely furnished homes are the riskiest."

"Why, it stands to reason," Edgar argued. "Look at our narrow escape a few minutes ago. If you hadn't bought new lace curtains, you wouldn't have fallen off the stepladder. And if the floor hadn't been waxed to such an elegant gloss, I wouldn't have skidded. Because of some new drapes and fancy floor polish we could have been maimed for life, or even mortally injured. That's perfectly logical."

"Logical, my eye! I didn't fall off. I merely slipped. And if you'll agree to buy wall-to-wall carpeting we can discard those old rugs, and there won't be any waxed floor for you to skid on."

"Wall-to-wall carpeting," said Edgar, "has to be cleaned more carefully than scatter rugs. We'll need a new electric vacuum cleaner — and that reminds me, I've been meaning to splice a longer extension cord in to our electric blender. I'll fix it right now."

"I wish you wouldn't," said Lucy. "I wish you'd have it done by an electrician."

"Nonsense, my dear girl!" Edgar expostulated. "It's a simple little household chore."

Wearing a smug smile of self-confidence, Edgar went to work with an ordinary screwdriver. His innocent disregard for safety measures resulted in spectacular pyrotechnics. Flash-whoosh-whap! The short circuit struck like lightning. It pitched Edgar bodily across the sunporch and knocked out all the electric power in the house.

"Oh, my poor darling!" wailed Lucy. "My dear, are you electrocuted?" she said breathlessly, rushing to help him pick himself up.

"S-s-somewhat," he stammered. "It gave me a pretty stiff shock, and I suppose I'm lucky it didn't incinerate me, but I guess I'm OK. I feel good."

"So do I," said Lucy. "Homelife may be dangerous as the research experts claim it is, but homelife can certainly be exhilarating." She kissed Edgar. In doing so she noticed that one of his ears had been scratched when the short circuit hit him. "Come with me," she said. "I'll wash that scratch and put iodine on it."

Presently Edgar was quoting the experts again. "They say the bathroom is the most dangerous room in the house," he remarked. "They claim it's even riskier than the kitchen."

"Perhaps that's true," said Lucy. "Yet it's misleading just the same. Because almost everything that's sweet in life has an element of risk — adventure, ambition, success — they can all be risky. Even love itself can be without intelligent care. So let's be very, very careful, darling, of everything we do around the house. Let's safeguard the cherished gratifications of home, sweet home."

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with private facilities

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## THE REMODELLING OF HECTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

With the determination that only a woman bent on holding her man can muster, she went on a

Julie really took her father in hand. She had a sure touch as his guide. She showed him exactly what he could wear without provoking fun, gave him a new vocabulary of acceptable words and phrases, and introduced him to her own new world. She also took his trousers to the cleaners to have them narrowed.

Mark, furious at first, soon found the name of Hector's barber and

In the 'city the little  
caused by Hector's metamorphosis  
grew. Mr. Francis began to reprove  
Hector. So did Mr. Tovey, the  
Francis' superior. Here was a man  
to be watched, aware of the need  
for change in changing times. How  
odd, thought Mr. Tovey, that  
hadn't noticed Hector Hammon  
before.

Mr. Tovey, observing Harlow through the glass door of his office, saw him in a new and kindly light. He sent for Hector's record card in the Personnel Department, and when he was a parent, and, being a kindly minded man, marvelled a little at the modest salary he managed to live on. Life, he reflected, with two teenage children must be a struggle for Hector. Yes, indeed, he decided to change for better things, and for better things.

## A group of ten young women, likely models, are posed in a line against a plain, light-colored background. They are all wearing short, knee-length dresses in various colors: yellow, blue, purple, green, red, orange, and pink. The dresses have different styles, some with collars, some with buttons, and some with patterns. They are all smiling and looking towards the camera. The women are standing close together, with some overlapping. The overall style is reminiscent of 1960s fashion photography.

# 'LIGHTNING' Nylon Zippers

1" BLUE

For all serious  
racing

**LIGHTNING**





1. Unmistakably powerful
2. Strong & flexible
3. Self-healing
4. From the future

ALFA ROMEO

ALFA ROMEO

was a mature man, sane, reasonable, and aware of modern trends. His trousers were the right width; he wore a moderate, colorful, modern tie. Surely he was the man for the new West End branch, to be a strong link with the affluent young customers who could recognise Harrod's once as a sympathetic ally.

Mr. Tovey sent for Hector, and after the preliminaries the two of them were lost in a world of dahlias. Both were specialists.

After an hour, Hector came out of Mr. Tovey's office and indicated, with a cheery wave, that Mr. Francis was to go into his presence. Mr. Francis was told of Hector's promotion and transition to the West End. He came back to his own desk a little paler in the face.

Hector is a changed man and his family are about to move — to a detached house with a larger garden. Now he has no shirts with stripes and lace checks, even one with pleats, for as long as it lasts, he keeps the button-down collared model with the rounded corners will be his favorite.

(Copyright)

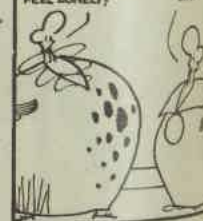
## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD

**SO YOUR HUSBAND'S OVERSEAS**



DON'T YOU  
FEEL LONELY?



WE'VE BUYING ALL  
THE SAME LINE





# BUTTERICK PATTERNS

4163 — Pretty empire-line dress in regular- or extra-length has wide sleeves and trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.



4163



4266

4266. — Slightly A-line dress with funnel collar has squared armholes and button and top-stitch trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



4565



2256

3867. — Ankle-length, bell-bottomed hipster pants and top-front blouse. Hipster skirt also in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

3867



4479

4479. — Modified empire-line dress with pleated front and inverted front opening. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 75 cents includes postage.

4479. — A-line maternity dress has front and back inverted pleat, elbow-length, bell-shaped sleeves, or sleeveless as shown. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

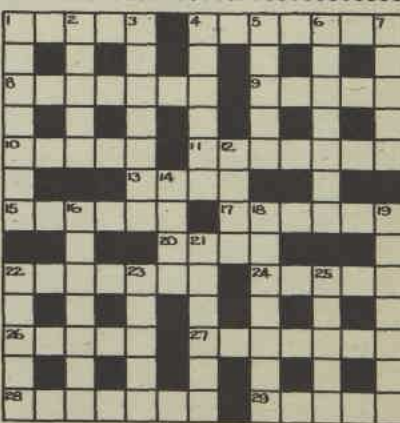
## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

BARON CHANCE has no criminal record, yet Inter-Intel is certain that there is something wrong about him. Jed asks Mandrake to investigate. NOW READ ON...



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
1. Fires the bags (5).
  4. Fellows around the Mexican places of worship (7).
  8. Too old for overtime (7).
  9. Rest for father custom (5).
  10. The small island is rented (5).
  11. The isle of precious stone (7).
  13. Learning a learner mineral (4).
  15. Fish study is a cultivated plot (6).
  17. Stares in confusion at the flowers (6).
  20. Cannot tilt the jargon (4).
  22. This vessel is not so heavy (7).
  24. Once more a profit (5).
  26. Clean the stunted tree (5).
  27. There's danger in the wager for joint of meat (7).
  28. Keep for future use and again carry out duties (7).
  29. A negro could be a lost man (5).



Solution will be published next week.



Solution of last week's crossword.

- DOWN
1. Tending a furnace is all correct in insect bite (7).
  2. A hundred dance for a fisherman's basket (5).
  3. Begin the French to surprise (7).
  4. Skillful hundred before a compelling force (6).
  5. Plenty for a politician in fermented liquor (5).
  6. Imitate the bird which is tardy (7).
  7. Disburse the betting finish (5).
  12. Signify inferior average (4).
  14. Formerly a hundred in one (4).
  16. Considers a fish in colors (7).
  18. Expressing thanks in a sharp pain (7).
  19. Japanese money, a hill, and a politician (7).
  21. This kind of land is fit for tillage (6).
  22. One who is defeated about sun up (5).
  23. Brute changed the potato (5).
  25. Be hospitable to the N.S.W. cabinet maker (5).





You just don't  
outgrow your  
fondness for  
Arnott's  
Milk Arrowroot  
Biscuits.



**Arnott's** famous **Biscuits**

*There is no Substitute for Quality*



The Australian  
Women's

# Weekly Fashion News

## THE FLATTERY OF KNITS

**R**EADY now for the choosing is a wonderful selection of what and where to buy for summer and winter. We have concentrated on knits because we think they catch the essence of everything new in tailoring.

There are knit dresses with belted or unbelted waistlines, soft two-piece dresses, and slick little suits. Flattery for all is the message.

Don't overlook the sweater and skirt twosome — the new crop come with lean sweaters and short flippy skirts. And for the heck of it see our black cotton jump suit on page 4. It represents a lot of fashion and a lot of fun.

Knitted suit by Barbara has broadly striped jacket in charcoal, light grey, and white, topping a straight charcoal skirt. SSW-W, \$72. White felt tromburg hat by Eldee, \$13.25.

Classic navy-and-white knit shirtdress with short or three-quarter-length sleeves. SSW-W, \$42. French beret by Eldee, \$13.25.  
(All from David Jones')





# FOR GIRLS ON THE GO



Two-piece Italian knitted suit (above, left) in citrus-green and white. Also in cocoa/white, navy/white. \$27. Three-piece Italian knitted suit in navy-blue with red, white, and blue sleeveless sweater. Also in turquoise with white and brown top, and rose-pink with rose-taupe and white top. \$42. Both outfits XSSW - SW. (Farmer's Suit Shop.)

Knitted Orlon dress by John Crundall (right) is in fashion color combinations of orange / grapefruit, purple/mauve, chocolate / beige. \$12. XSSW - W. Orange felt hat complete with feather. \$9.60. (Both Grace Bros.)



Cashmilon knitted shift in navy with vertical lime and emerald-green irregular stripes. Other color combinations available. SSW - W. \$9.99. Knitted Acrylic dress in navy with pink stripes, XSSW - SW, \$11.99. Also in pink with navy stripes, or beige with brown stripes. (Both from Waltons Stores.)

Orlon shift suitable for many occasions from daylight to dark has embroidered flower trim on sleeves and hemline. In citrus-green or strawberry. XXSSW-XW. \$13. (Big W Peek-a-Boutiques.)





Knit suits or dresses with their non-crush easy-care qualities make sense for girls in a hurry



## FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

"Pretty baby" dresses in knitted Acrilan by Trent. Raglan-sleeved striped dress (right) is in beige, pink, blue, or white stripes. Plain knit shift is in pink, camel, or blue with contrast stripe trim on sleeves and neckline. Both in sizes XSSW-SW. \$12. (David Jones' Young Idea Shop from March.)



Grey-and-white-striped knitted Acrylic three-piece suit can be worn with a low-slung self belt, or unbelted. Styled by John J. Hilton, the blouse has a rolled collar and is white Acrylic. Other colors, camel/white, navy/white, white/camel. XSSW-SW. Approximately \$28.75. (Grace Bros. city store from March.)



Three-piece Italian knit suit carries the tag Spinelli. Styled in a straight easy-fit relaxed line, jacket and skirt are in camel with camel-and-white-striped sleeveless sweater. White stripe outlines jacket edge and sleeves. XSSW-SW. \$92. (Loys.)



# When the going is CASUAL



Hand-made jumpsuit in black cotton (above) can be worn over slimskin "body" stocking (\$3). Also in white, natural, blue, all sizes or to order, \$39. (House of Merivale.)



One of the newest looks in knitwear (left): wide basque, belted, on lambs-wool sweater by Jantzen. Matched here with lambs-wool skirt from Switchknit collection. Sweater \$7.95. Skirt \$11.95. (Grace Bros. in March.)



Long-sleeved Orlon skimmer dress with zip front would be useful addition to any autumn-winter wardrobe. In sky-blue, bone, coral, or white. XSSW to SW, \$14.99. (Mark Foy's Young Look shop.)





Knife-pleated pink wool skirt (left) checked in green and white. XXSSW-SW. \$19. Lambswool short-sleeved sweater with contrast bands around basque. SSW-OS. \$8.50. At right, green box-pleated skirt. XXSSW-SW. \$18. Long-sleeved reverse rib-knit lambswool sweater. SSW-OS. \$9. All by Sportscraft. (Sportsgirl, late February.)

Pretty cardigan (right) in acrylic knit has raised embroidered motifs on front. In aqua or lemon. SSW-OS. \$7.99. (Big W department stores.)



Skivvy by Antron comes in 11 different colors including white and hot-pink. Sizes SSW-OS. \$4.99. (Big W department stores.)



Long-sleeved wool apres-ski pull-over by Bromley in basic colors of brown, pink, or orange with contrasting check patterns. SSW-W. \$14.95. (Waltons stores.)





# WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING ABROAD

Swinging bride and groom, American actress Sharon Tate and Polish film director Roman Polanski, leaving the Chelsea Registry Office. They met when he directed her first film, "The Vampire Killers," in 1966. Her latest film, "Valley of Dolls," is now in London.



Conventionally dressed pop stars (left) Sandie Shaw and Adam Faith arriving for a film premiere. Sandie is half-way to the longer length with a maxi-coat topping her mini-dress.

While most girls are tossing up between maxi and mini, at least one girl in London is never in doubt. At right is maxi-skirted Faye Dunaway, and it's not surprising she is wearing a "Bonnie and Clyde" outfit — she's the star of the film.



Baroness de Rosnay of Paris was out to get as much sun as possible when she joined the international jet set who gathered for a weekend party at Paradise Island, Bahamas. The Baroness stayed on to soak up the sunshine.





With ringlets in her hair and brocade on her dress, vivacious film actress Vivienne Ventura photographed on her arrival at a film premiere at the Odeon, Leicester Square, London.



Actress Susan Hampshire, who plays Fleur in BBC-TV's "The Forsyte Saga," at the London Airport on her way to Stockholm in an ocelot maxi-coat.



Princess Margaret and her husband, Lord Snowdon (above), arriving at Earls Court, London, to visit the Boat Show. The Princess was conservatively dressed in a just-above-the-knee tweed suit and velour hat.



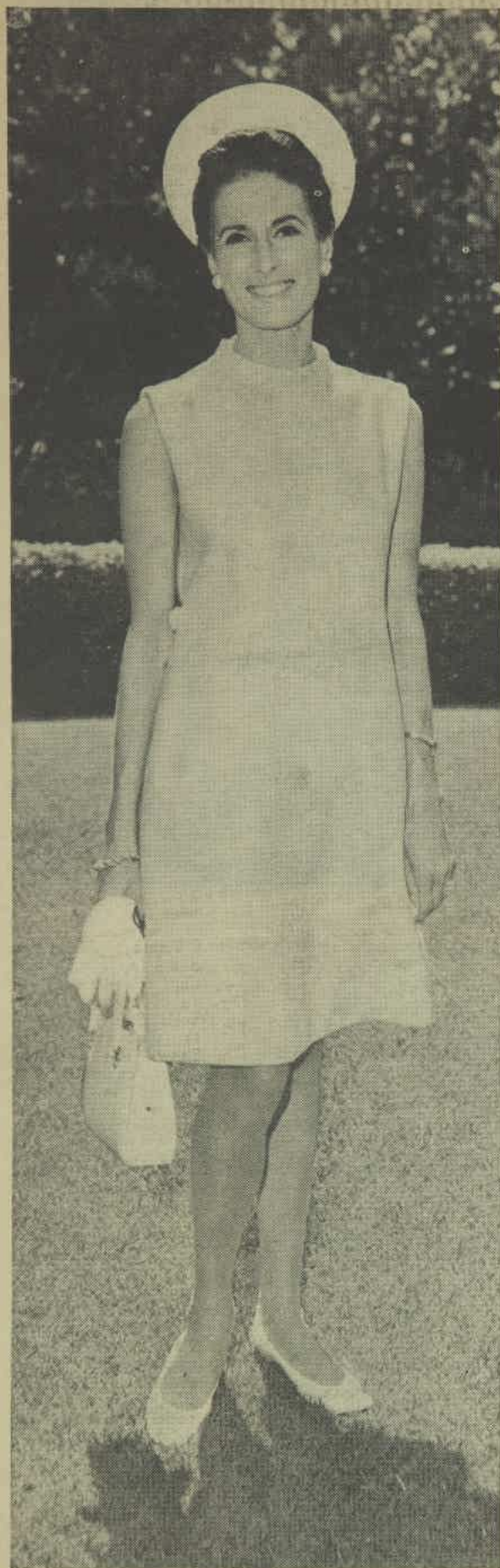
Marjonne Faithfull (left) in an anything-everything-goes maxi outfit at the London Airport, before leaving for an island holiday near Nassau with Rolling Stone Mick Jagger and her two-year-old son, Nicholas.

The two faces of fashion, left. In London Sally Bryant and Hillar Payne have forged ahead to maxi-skirt-length dresses while Chrissie William is still quite satisfied with the thigh-high mini-look.



# WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING IN SYDNEY

*(during a heatwave)*



GIVENCHY-LINE dress of citrus linen (above) teamed beautifully with Mrs. Max Sturzen's white mini breton and kid accessories. A back half-belt and slightly raised neckline added extra interest to the simple yet superbly cut shift.

CANDY-STRIPED dress and coat of staron silk (right) was a striking outfit worn by Mrs. Bonnie Hill. A large picture hat, trimmed with the pink and white stripe, and pink patent shoes, bag, and gloves completed her elegant look.



HOT - PINK Thai - silk shift (left) set off Mrs. Norman Skolnik's deep suntan. Her mother, Mrs. Magda Winkler, chose a simple dress of turquoise linen and Mrs. Joseph Brender wore a peppermint - and - white dress she bought on a recent holiday in Noumea.

MINT-GREEN safari-hat (below) with matching patent shoes and bag toned with Mrs. James McKeon's cool skimmer of citrus - and - lemon-printed silk. Mrs. Michael Lewis wore a chocolate linen style with a striking white trim and white silk Italian turban.





o With the mercury in the high 80s and the humidity not far below, many of the guests at Henriette Lamotte's autumn-winter fashion collection wore their coolest and gayest summer outfits. The parade, organised by the Black and White Committee, was held at the home of Mrs. George Falkiner, at Bellevue Hill.



ATTRACTIVE STRAW hats were worn by many guests, including Mrs. Jock Gasse (left), who chose a large black breton with her striped French cotton shift, Mrs. Bob McInerney, whose double-breasted white linen outfit was offset with a black-and-white imported straw, and Mrs. Shirley McDonald, whose woven cotton suit blended with a toning planter of peppermint weave.

HOSTESS for the fashion showing was Mrs. George Falkiner, who wore a cool dress of printed silk to welcome the guests, who included Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, committee president, in a softly flowing coat-dress of printed chiffon.



BLACK - AND - WHITE printed cotton shirtmaker (above) worn by Mrs. Roger Dunlop contrasted with the white pique dress and jacket chosen by her daughter, Primrose, who added maxi Grand Prix sunglasses rimmed in white to her outfit.



MRS. ISIDOR LEIBOVITCH (left) wore a trapeze of printed French silk with white kid shoes and bag from Italy and Mrs. Henry Vogel an eye-catching French pique dress of black and white.





Knitted shirt dress (above), with its classical styling and easy-to-wear lines is an ideal fashion for women at home, shopping, or in the office. This one ribbed in charcoal and white stripe has white shirt collar and cuffs. XSSW-SW. \$19.20. (Curzons.)

Tapestry wool dress (right), suitable for daywear or informal after-five occasions. It has a high, flattering roll collar, short sleeves, and comes from Marks and Spencer's in London. In pink, blue, or mauve tonings. XSSW-W. \$20. (David Jones'.)



Classic relaxed-line imported knitted suit by Dorce has embroidered trim on lapels and two pockets. Jacket tops an easy-fit slim skirt. In new rose, pale blue, and bone. XSSW-XW. \$74. (Available Horderns mid-city store from mid-March.)





# FOR THE OLDER WOMAN

Fashions  
in the  
SHOPS



Black-and-white check crimplene dress is a useful dress for when the sting goes out of summer. Also in brown, wine, and blue checks with white. XSSW-XW. \$20. (Horderns mid-city store from early March.)



Knit dress (left) with oval neckline banded with grosgrain. XSSW-W. \$28.75. Casual dress in brown jersey. XSSW-W. \$25.50. Both John J. Hilton. (Horderns, Waltons, Mark Foy's, Curzons mid-March.)

Crimplene suit to bridge the seasons (left) has color combination choice of brown / bone / gold, turquoise/blue, pink/blue/bone. Approximately \$23. SSW-OS. (McDowells from early March.)



Lightweight coat in imported wool jersey by Dorce (right) has mandarin-style collar. \$61. In green, pale blue, and bone. Sizes small and medium. (Horderns mid-city store mid-March.)





Lace-up shoes (left) in cream suede with low, thick heels \$13.99; mushroom suede (top right) flat heels, chain trim, \$11.99; laced stitched shoes (foreground), camel suede, \$11.99. All by Imps. Beige handbag (left) \$4; black handbag (right) \$8; gloves \$6; scarves \$1.59; earrings 50 cents. (Farmer's.)

## ACCESSORIES

Useful casual bag (right) of imported vinyl with gold ring handle. In luxan, navy, brown, black, or coffee, \$5.99. In tapestry cover \$4.99. (Waltons Stores.)



Right: Bold link belt with tortoiseshell links, \$5.25; shoes, \$10.99; cotton gloves, \$1.50; scarf \$1. Leather handbag by Faigen in new color, paprika, \$9. (All Curzons in March.) BELOW: Fashion ring watch, \$35; matching pendant watch, \$45; Gogo watches from \$9.95 to \$20. (Adorette Jewellery.)





The Australian  
**WOMEN'S WEEKLY**  
Presents ...

Fashion this year is having a romantic revival for brides, and in this bridal book we show the latest and newest in designs. There are skimmers, tents, princess and Empire dresses; and for the swinging bride some really zippy, mod, way-out styles. There are also patterns to make, and four enchanting bridal bouquets. And because hair-bows are all the rage we follow the fashion through for bridal and bridesmaid headdresses.

# BRIDAL FASHIONS





## THE BEAUTY OF LACE



Princess-line dress (above) made in white lace with collar and cuffs of white mink. The skirt sweeps out from a high-waisted line to the graded hem cut in deep scallops. Pearl-sewn pillbox holds the veil.



Beautiful dress (above) made in cobweb lace has straight silhouette. The train is formed by two long self-material panels. The tulle veil is fastened to the wearer's head with a cap of miniature blossoms.



Elegant slender-line dress (above) is made in self-patterned silk with an overskirt of pleated lace. The bodice is form-fitted and has below-elbow sleeves. The veil falls from either side of the wearer's coif.



## SWINGING STYLES FOR A WEDDING

### modern, simple, and unconventional



Mod trio, above. Bride wears a white floor-length dress and a matching bonnet-type headdress. The bridal bouquet is yellow. The bridesmaids' sun-yellow dresses are to the ankle, worn with matching shoes, stockings, gloves. Hats are ribbon-tied.



Bridal group, above, is in tune with modern fashion. White bridal dress is slit high in front, and a blue bow replaces a veil. The short-cut bridesmaid dresses in turquoise-blue have front vents and are trimmed with turquoise ribbon bows. Posies are Victorian.





Slender-line white satin dress (above) has a pearl trim at the bodice. The coat-like tulle veil covers the wearer's head and falls gracefully to the ground.

Lace motifs trim this classic-cut satin dress (right). A coronet of white flowers partly conceals the wearer's hair, and a tulle veil covers the long train.

## The traditional bride wears white







Silk organza scattered with embroidered dots is the material choice for the dress above. Daisies border the hem and sleeves, and more daisies drift with the bride's hair, which is banded with a tulle veil.



Form-following, long-sleeved dress (above) is made in white crepe. The to-the-floor veil is cut in tiers and outlined with silk leaves. The silk leaves are repeated for the bridal headdress and for the bridal bouquet.



Regal dress (above) is made in white satin and finished with an applique flower trim on bodice and sleeves. The skirt sweeps into a wide train, and the tulle veil is kept in place with a pearl coronet.



## PRETTY-GIRL HEADDRESSES

To-the-shoulder bridal headdress (left) made from two circular tiers of white organza and topped with a triple bow. The bow is trimmed with bands of white satin baby ribbon. Designs on this page by Robyn Garland.

Pretty twosome (right) designed for a bride and her attendant. The bows are made in pastel pink chiffon and trimmed with tiny pale lilac flowers. The three-looped soft-falling bow is for the bride (above); the bridesmaid wears a small-scale version.

Bridesmaid headdress (left) is designed to be worn with the bridal headdress above. The unusual curl effect is achieved with four matching twists of organza. The "curls" fall from under the topknot.





Scoop-necked Empire dress (above) is beautifully trimmed with lace flowers. The veil is attached to a bonnet-shaped headdress, and a small basket of flowers replaces the conventional bridal bouquet.

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 21, 1968

## YOUNG APPEAL



The young bride (right) wears a dress of heavy white linen spiced with lace motifs and finished with lace cuffs. An enchanting lace bonnet topped with a cloud of tulle forms the new-look bridal headdress.

BRIDAL FASHIONS — Page 7



# GLAMOROUS PARIS BRIDES



Balmain uses superb white lace for the bridal dress, above. White mink circles the high neckline and is repeated on the long sleeves. The misty tulle bridal veil falls gracefully from a coronet of pearls.



Louis Feraud gives his bride a headdress of flowers that holds a wispy youthful Ophelia tulle veil. The straight-cut dress is made entirely of white scalloped fringe on a matte surface fabric.



Lanvin's bride wears a superb white silk dress and matching beret. The dress sweeps back into a wide train, has angel-wing sleeves, and a neckline finished with a high ruff of white fur.



Dior, in the pretty-girl mood of Paris, dresses his bride (right) in a ruffled mob cap and veil of chantilly lace. The dress is in white satin and is finished at the neckline with a self-material floppy bow.



ALL FASHIONS — Page 9



Castillo sends his bride (above) to the altar with no head covering. The dramatic dress is made in white peau de soie and has stiff nylon lace ruffles outlining the long train, which is caught at the sleeves.

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 21, 1968





Elegant bridal tent (left) is made in white crepe. The Empire bodice and long sleeves are beautifully beaded in a lattice design. The train is removable. White feather head-dress replaces traditional veil.

## WHEN THE VEIL IS DISCARDED



Slender-line dress in white crepe (left) is worn with a matching bonnet. The dress has magyar sleeves, one short, the other to the wrist and falling to the hem in a panel effect. Note trail-of-flowers bouquet.

Superb Empire-line bridal dress (right) combines a fancy-weave wool fabric bodice and heavy silk skirt. Bodice is tailored; the skirt sweeps into a generous train. Bonnet head-dress is in the bodice fabric.



The Australian Women's Weekly — February 21, 1968



# THE BRIDE WORE PINK



Cardin's bride (left) breaks with tradition by replacing white with pink and a bridal veil with a white fur-trimmed bonnet. The slender-line dress is made in pink wool and has long, matched-to-the-dress, white fur-trimmed panels at the front and back.

Nina Ricci's rose-pink wedding dress (right) is worn with a voluminous blush-pink bridal veil. The long-sleeved dress is made in lace over-embroidered with silver. The high-waisted bodice is accented with a wide pink satin ribbon bow. Satin shoes are tinted to match the dress.







Slender-line bridal suit (above) made in guipure lace has a front-buttoned long-sleeved jacket banded in white fur. Tulle attached to the coif at the back falls to the ground and forms a long, graceful bridal train.



Italian-designed bridal dress (above) is made in chalk-white cotton. The dress is front-buttoned and finished with a tiny collar; the hat is in matching cotton. Page boys in blue velvet.



White self-patterned velvet is the material choice for the form-following long-sleeved dress above. The bride carries a feather muff, and the same feathers are used for the bonnet-shaped hat and hemline trim.



## New look for the 1968 bride



Romantic wedding gown (left) is made in chalk-white organdie. The dress has an up-in-front skirt. The heart-shaped headpiece is covered in a tiered cape effect. Heart motifs are scattered on the cape.

Form-following white corded silk dress (right) is worn with a short cape and kerchief hat in white organdie. The junior bridesmaid wears cotton lace with a shoulder cape and an underskirt in crisp, white organdie.



February 21, 1968

BRIDAL FASHIONS — Page 13



## PATTERNS FOR TWO ELEGANT DRESSES



1347.—Elegant wedding gown (left) has away-from-the-neckline rolled collar and wide three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 1347 Vogue Couturier design by John Cavanagh, \$1.40 inc. postage.

1741.—Bridal gown (right) has a back-and-front lace yoke and a lace train pleated from yoke at back. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 1741 Vogue Couturier design by Belinda Bellville, price \$2.30.

### TO ORDER PATTERNS

● Address pattern orders to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. Please state clearly pattern number and size required. No C.O.D. orders accepted.





## THE BRIDAL CAFTAN



Long slim caftan-inspired bridal dress (above) is made in white crepe with a detachable train. The turtle-neck collar and the cuffs on the long sleeves are embroidered in crystal and pearls.

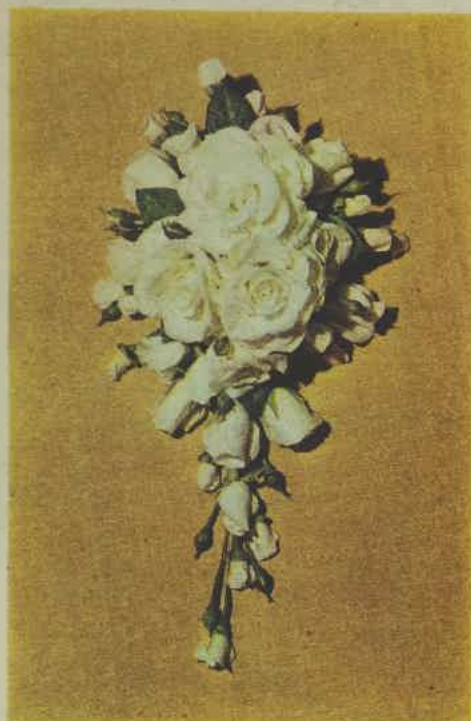
Gracefully flowing wedding dress (right) is trimmed with crystal embroidery. The dress falls back in a wide train. A white mink hat replaces a bridal veil.



For the autumn bride there is nothing newer than the elegance of white moire. The dress, above, in this fabric is plain and simple with a princess silhouette, roll collar, and long sleeves finished with a self-material cuff.



## FOUR BRIDAL BOUQUETS



White rose bouquet (above) consists of three perfect blooms surrounded by rosebuds and rose leaves. A trail of buds completes this perfectly balanced posy. Bouquet by Liberty Florist, Crows Nest, N.S.W.



White rosebuds and lily of the valley (above) arranged to create a perfect bridal bouquet. By John Holdsworth, of South Yarra, Victoria.

Bridal flower trail (right) made in white stephanotis and green leaves is tied with white ribbon. David Jones Flower Shop, Sydney.



New idea for a bridal bouquet (above) is a soft trail of pastel azalea-shaped flowers made from feathers. The idea is big in New York. By Alwyn Spicer, of Ronalds Florist, Melbourne.



The Australian Women's Weekly — February 20, 1942